

HAVERFORD



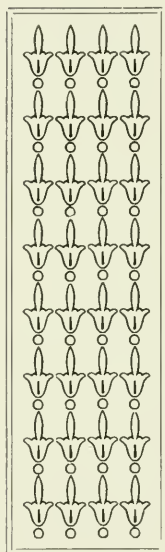
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A RECORD
of the
Class of Nineteen-Nineteen



HAVERFORD COLLEGE
1915-1919

Foreword

Here it is! We do not claim originality of thought or plan in our work, but we have tried in a spirit of friendliness and good-will to please you. It has been extremely difficult for the few of us who were left to catch the echoes of four full years of work and pleasure and fight. The *Record* is not complete; we have been able to catch only a few of those echoes, which, we hope, will serve to remind you of those glorious years when we heard the cheers and songs ringing out over Walton Field, or chanted them in old Founders; when we played together about the campus, or gathered on the steps and sang together in the twilight of a day in budding spring. The memories of our work and play are too dear to be lost, and we offer you a few of them in this book, into which we have endeavored to instill the spirit of Haverford and the Class of Nineteen-Nineteen.



Now and then in life we meet one of those rare spirits, a man well liked by all; a man's man, with opinions of his own, but with so gracious a personality as to render enemies an impossibility.—R. L. Stevenson.

To

Francis Barton Gummere

beloved of all Haverfordians, revered as a scholar, esteemed
as a teacher, cherished as a friend, whose sudden pass-
ing shrouded with sorrow our last moments as
undergraduates, and whose memory will
ever inspire us to nobler relations with
mankind, we dedicate this book



The Record Board

Editor-in-Chief

RUSSELL NELSON MILLER

Associate Editors

PHILIP LANGDON CORSON

EDGAR BALDWIN GRAVES

HARTLEY STOKES HAINES

THOMAS McCONNELL, 3d

CHESTER M. SUTTON

Business Manager

RICHARD THOMPSON BATTEY

Associate Managers

GEORGE HAINES BUZBY

ELMER HANCOCK THORPE

Headings by

GRANVILLE EARNEST TOOGOOD, '20

IN MEMORIAM



Arnold Chase Scattergood



We shall always remember Scat as a true friend
and Haverfordian.



APRIL 18, 1898

DECEMBER 25, 1917

IN MEMORIAM



Joseph James Walton



Joe's conscientious devotion and conviction to those higher things in life was an inspiration.

We can but inadequately express our sorrow for the loss of one who always strove to attain the highest ideals in life.



JULY 13, 1896

OCTOBER 11, 1918

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

Class Poem

"Alma Mater"

By Russell N. Miller.

Mother of men in years long past,
Mother and maker of men to be,
Thy youngest sons, their love o'ercast
With sorrow, bid adieu to thee.

No more we pace thy reverend halls;
No more we play upon thy green,
Nor hear the tumult in thy walls—
Time will teach what these things mean!

Memory shall hold them, as seasons roll,
Firmer through toil and search after truth;
And the Man shall be stirred to the depths of his soul
By the songs of the sunrise and glory of Youth.

A murmurous whisper rushes on
From far to join our sad adieu,
The chorus of our classmates gone:
"Alma Mater, we love thee, too."

Clasping hands we pledge each other
Friendship that through life shall last.
And for thee, Eternal Mother,
Common love shall bind us fast.

Greater than lore or doctrine taught,
Thy counsel and thy noble plan,
Filling and guiding every thought:
To dare to act and be the MAN.

One warm grasp—thy fair truth hurl'd
Into the strife we've just begun,
Alone we'll prove the wider world,
Hands asunder, hearts as one.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD



RICHARD MEAD BALDERSTON

"Dick"

Class Cricket Team (1, 2, 3); Class Soccer Team (2, 3);
Second Soccer Team (2, 3); Assistant Manager Soccer (3);
Class Vice-President (3); Cricket Team (3); Cricket "H" (3);
Manager Cricket (4). Service: Friends' Reconstruction
Unit.

"Well, it goes, anyway."

Automobiles, cricket, photography, and engineering is a hurried summary of Dick's hobbies while in college. After two years' rest from the life at Westtown, Dick became a Haverfordian. Engineering was what he was after, and he took practically every course in that line; but subjects that had nothing to do with it, directly, he did not seem to care for. For instance, French did not seem very interesting. One branch of Chemistry, however, fascinated him: that was Photography. Most of the time spent in the Chem. Lab. was spent in the dark room. He believed thoroughly in the famous motto "Take a kodak with you." One attempt to get a picture of New York almost ended disastrously—he forgot it was during wartime. That was when he was taking the Cricket team to Staten Island to play a New York team. In his first year he was a bowler on our Freshman team; the next year he gained a position on the second team; and Junior year brought him to the level of the varsity, with a managership to boot. But, automobiles! Mention the word, and Dick was off. Anything from a broken-down Regal or a balky Autocar to a Hudson Super-six or a long red Mercer held his interest. In the spring of 1917 his knowledge of the "gaz-bus" brought him an instructor's job in the Emergency Unit. Now he is head of a force of twelve men in charge of the repair and upkeep of the trucks and motorcycles of the Reconstruction Unit in France.

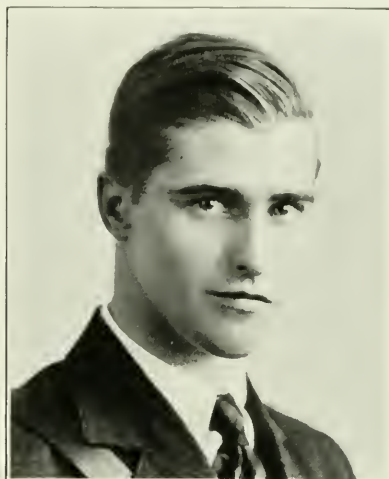
Very seldom out of temper, always ready to help somebody else, a good business man, ready for a good time if nothing more important presented itself—that is how we think of Dick; that, and the fact that the first and last word of his vocabulary was automobiles.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

JOHN D. BARLOW

"Baron"

Class Swimming Team (1); Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3); Class Cricket Team (1, 2, 3); Varsity Soccer Team (2, 3, 4); Soccer "H" (2, 3, 4); Captain Soccer Team (4); Varsity Cricket Team (3); Cricket "H" (3); Captain Cricket Team (4); Assistant Track Manager (3); Track Manager (4); Philosophy Reading Prize (3); Student Council (4); Vice-President Y. M. C. A. (4). Service: Friends' Reconstruction Unit.



"And I will dwell in the House of Lords forever"

"How does the king eat peas?" This was one of the many remarks slung at this very retiring young Englishman who had only been in this country a few days, most of which had been spent rocking continuously in a chair in Osler's room. But it was a different fellow who left here at Christmas in Senior year. He had learned how to make five or six debutantes at one party think that England was the most wonderful place in the world to live, and led them all to believe that they had better be ready for a sea voyage soon. And were they willing? The answer will be found in the many pink notes in his daily mail. Oh, we've given it away!—John is a fusser. Not the ordinary kind that wins with a great line of talk; no, he just had them saying, "Please talk, Mr. Barlow; I love to hear your voice."

But, speaking of the Baron's voice, it was certainly unusual, almost unusual enough to get him on the Glee Club. He used to trill sweet English ditties, and his singing of the good old English hunting songs was worth going miles to avoid.

John did a great many things which will go down on record, but we suspect that he did many more that the rest of us will never know about. You never heard about anything John was doing until it was done, and sometimes not then. Take, for instance, the way in which he captured the Philosophy Reading Prize in Junior Year. There are only two answers to the question of how he got it, and the first is that he did some reading. Now we got it straight from his room-mate that the nearest approach to a philosophy book that he had that year was a big red book entitled, "How to Win American Heiresses." There was also one on hypnotism, and we firmly believe that he practiced on Rufe.

Despite John's inability to stay in his room and spend a quiet evening, he wasn't such a bad chap—for an Englishman—and when he left, the college wept with Philadelphia's Four Hundred, for Adonis was gone.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD



RICHARD T. BATTEY

"Dick"

Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3); Class Football Team (2); Class Treasurer (2); Wogglebug (3); Second Soccer Team (2, 3); Class Vice-President (3); Assistant Soccer Manager (3); Manager Gymnasium Team (4); Business Manager Class Record (4). Service: Engineering Corps.

"Aul right, aul right."

"Who's goin' to movies?"

Dick—a genial Albino with a Yankee accent and an infatuation for the silent drama heroines. He was seduced by T. K. immediately after leaving the protecting care of "Holy Moses," and conducted through all the German courses and to the Friends' Sunday-school. The latter institution has greatly benefited Dick, for he has become very fond of the parable of "the man who loafs and fishes," and endeavors to practice that Christian teaching.

His intellectual appreciation of figures has made him a valuable man as class-treasurer, manager, and companion to Ardmore. He recognizes no other categorical imperative than the call to the movies to see Theda Barer-than-ever.

But beneath the genial care-free exterior is a capacity for hard work that often manifests itself in diligent effort. His generosity is well known to the patrons of the telephone, for his proximity made him a constant purveyor of nickels and dimes. Open-hearted, good-natured, and ready for a good time—these attributes make us acclaim Dick a royal good fellow.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

WILLIAM JOHN BROCKELBANK

"Brock"

Class Soccer Team (2, 3); Second Soccer Team (2, 3).
Service: Friends' Reconstruction Unit.



"The words of his mouth were smoother than butter."

After being Jake Schroppe's guardian angel and Latin translator for a year, Brock came under the influence of the "Mighty Arnold." During the next two years he acquired so much knowledge that he took English 6 in order to try to learn how to get rid of it to the benefit (as he supposed) of his classmates and others. Those who have had to listen to his attempts to convince people that they should have what "everybody with troubles and sense had"—i. e., *The People's Home Library*—have our sympathy. But, however he did it, he became one of the star agents for the company that published that encyclopedia of cure-alls, and also induced some of his classmates to try the book-agent game—once.

Every day that there was soccer practice, Brock was on the field. The third, and later the second, team found in him a fullback, and in Senior year he would have been an aid to the Varsity. That combination of blue shirt and yellow trou, to say nothing of the healthy wallop bestowed on the ball when it came his way, was missed. Moreover, a discourseful person is conspicuous by the silence. However, he will return next year, we understand, and will make his presence known in his genial manner.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

SAMUEL HUDSON CHAPMAN, JR. "Hud"

Class Soccer Team (1, 2); Second Soccer Team (1);
Varsity Soccer (2); Class Cricket Team (1, 2); Assistant
Business Manager *News* (2); Corporation Scholarship (2).
Service: Hospital Unit.

"The vanilla of society."

"Huddie" was the prize social lion of our class. Never was there any possibility of mistake about that. One glance at his dresser, all beringed and bestuck with engraved invitations of every size, shape, and degree of desirability was enough to settle the point: and a fair test of the importance of any Philadelphia function was its presence or absence on his crowded schedule. Yes, "Huddie" was distinctly *au courant*.

His gifts, however, were by no means on a mere drawing-room scale. He did valiant work on the Soccer Team, and raked in shekels innumerable as Assistant Manager of the *News*. Perhaps his masterpiece, though, was the glib and nonchalant translation, for Dick's benefit, of Horatian Odes with which "Huddie" had not even the honor of a bowing acquaintance. Conscientious classmates gasped and marveled, and even Dick appeared to be impressed.

With the approach of war, and largely owing to a Plattsburg background, "Huddie" became the original *wiles gloriosus*. In the days of that amorphous Emergency Unit of ours, he was a species of corporal, and one of Field Marshal Babbitt's own right-hand men. But long before the Unit's demise he was out and away with Base Hospital No. 10. The duties of a ward orderly are assuredly neither fragrant nor exhilarating, and we doff our collective hat to the brave soul who could not only stick it for two long years, but come up smiling at the finish.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

PHILIP LANGDON CORSON

"Phil"

Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Baseball Team (1, 4); Class Basket-ball Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Varsity Soccer Team (2, 3); Soccer "H" (2, 3); Cast of "You Never Can Tell" (2); Cap and Bells Club (2); Student Council (3); President-elect (4); Mandolin Club (3, 4); Tennis Manager (4); Glee Club (4); Captain Basket-ball Team (4); Basket-ball "H" (4); Founders Club (4); Triangle Society; First Scholarship Improvement Prize; *Record Board*. Service: S. A. T. C.



"You got a pair of eyes . . ."

"Sing it again, Mammy."

Phil—this true son of Epicurus originated somewhere near Plymouth Meeting and hastened on to us after a brief stay at Norristown High. It was also the town of his prep. alma mater that held those memories so dear that he just couldn't keep away more than a week at a time. To Phil we are indebted for the knowledge of those pleasant feminine acquaintances, and an ever loyal supply of dance partners on all occasions.

Phil is a natural born song bird, and an earnest dispeller of the blues. He appreciates all types of good dancing and feminine beauty, though he has been known to "carry on" nobly when S. O. L.—viz.—ask him (P. S. If he is embarrassed on this point, and those rosy cheeks become too rosy, desist; for 'tis a sore question). We still feel that he opened up fields of conquest for "Ches" Osler and the Baron, while he exerted a certain refining influence on Williams in Senior year.

Earnest in all work and a plugger, a crack golfer, and a livewire on putting anything through (especially soccer goals, where he is our best), Phil wants to be taken seriously. He accepts very little for granted, and (some may look dubious) looks below the surface while you are unconscious of it. We wish him the best of luck; a Haverfordian with a big heart and a smile for everyone.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

FRANKLIN M. EARNEST

"Frank"

Entered Sophomore Year from Johns Hopkins; Mandolin Club (2, 3); Wogglebug (3); Assistant Football Manager (3); Football Manager (4). Service: Friends' Reconstruction Unit.

"What's in a name?"

He devolved upon us at the beginning of Sophomore year and proved himself as frank and earnest as his name. The earnestness with which he applied himself to his work was soon manifest in spite of the difficulties encountered in rooming with Haworth, *alias* Globo. Not the least of these difficulties was the deluge of Haworthian humor that had to be endured, but which Frank, in spite of a usually serious demeanor, appreciated. Rooming with such a facetious companion developed in him a sense of humor to such a degree that he even attempted at times to be humorous on his own account. The result was that everybody laughed—but not always at the joke.

His lighter moments were spent in playing the banjo, usually in company with McConnell; and the performance of the two "Banjokesters" was the stellar specialty of the Mandolin Club for two years. We are glad that he is coming back to finish his course, and we know that he will make himself a welcome addition to the student body as a capable and energetic fellow that lives up to his name.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

EDGAR B. GRAVES

"Weenie" "Rollo"

Class Basket-ball Team (3, 4); Class Soccer Team (3, 4); Wogglebug (3); Cheer-leader (4); Varsity Basket-ball Team (4); Basket-ball "H" (4); Manager Basket-ball (4); Student Council (4); Class Secretary (4); Baseball Team (4); Founders Club (4); President Penn Charter Club (3, 4); *Record* Board. Service: S. A. T. C.



"Well, that all depends."

"I'm little, but oh, my!"

"Weenie," as his nickname may infer, was our smallest and also our youngest classmate. He came to us quietly, but with great purpose, from Penn Charter, and since his arrival no one has been able to convince him that there is any other prep. school besides his alma mater. He has moved among us with undefeated enthusiasm for four years, and has chummed with all of us, yet we know little of his "inner life." "Weenie" is another one who has developed rapidly; and we would trace this back mainly to his friendship with Frank Morley, who knew him as the unbeatable "Rollo" of any rough-housing Frank's moments of relaxation demanded.

"Weenie" is perhaps the most loyal supporter and believer in the ultimate success of 1919 that we have. He is a good fellow to have around when, as Dr. Gummere would say, "the bricks begin to fly," and even in our moments of deepest depression it was impossible to convince him that things will not turn out all right in the end. He couples this loyalty and optimism with a profound and lasting devotion to Dr. Wilson, which we all unite with him in sharing, and his sensible, clean-cut habits are always commendable. With the opposite sex, "Weenie" is contented to await what happens, rather than seek trouble. For this complacency some of us envy him, others marvel at his forbearance.

In Senior year "Weenie" put basket-ball on the Haverford athletic map and gained the coveted two-color "H." He also advanced into the sanctified realms of the Student Council, and there exerted an influence which was as timely as it was sound and sensible. "Weenie" is conservative, but he also possesses the ability to see ahead. In whatever circles of society he will become associated in after life, he will always work for the best.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD



ROY T. GRIFFITH

"Griff"

Corporation Scholarship (1, 2, 3).

This noble son of Narberth was a day student for three years, and was consequently unable to use his regularly earned "Corp." The fifth man in the class always rejoiced, but the rest of us felt that we would have liked to know him better. Roy spent most of his time in the Physics Lab. while at college, but some unkind person has let it out that he used to call regularly on a certain Sunday-school teacher while he was organist in the Ardmore Presbyterian Church. Our candid opinion is that the assistant organist was jealous, for Roy could make that old pipe organ fairly talk. In addition to his musical propensities he is a wizard in all branches of electricity. Many is the time we have seen Doc Rittenhouse stand aghast, listening to Griffith discourse at length upon his most recent wireless experiments.

Roy left us this last year and is at present in a laboratory of the Bell Telephone Company. Unless Steinmetz issues a call for an assistant, we shall look for Roy's future to be near the top of the telephone business. Here's to his success!

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

HARTLEY S. HAINES

"Hart"

Corporation Scholarship (3); Glee Club (3); Class Treasurer (3); George Pierce Prize in Chemistry (4); Record Board. Service: S. A. T. C.



"And then to breakfast."

Before Freshman year most of us had never heard of Millville, or, if ever, only as one of the towns through which we passed on our way to Cape May. But Hart showed us there was such a place by coming from there. Except for the time he spent in Hubler's room and at the dining table—he spent more time there than anyone else—he was usually in Merion Hall. When Haines was not first at the breakfast table, there was something wrong. His fondness for oatmeal, cornflakes, and other varieties of such foods gave him the nickname of "Cereal Haines," and the amount of cream he used on one dish led one to believe that he came from "a land flowing with milk and—oatmeal." He revelled in the "class-ic" sports, being a member of the class baseball, basket-ball and soccer teams, at least in the last two years. Hart took a vital interest in the chess club and also twenty-five cents from each man who entered the tournament. He said it was for the cost of engraving the winner's name on the cup. Maybe so! When he didn't have anything better to do he ran in town and "suped" in some opera, having the honor of being on the stage with some of the most famous singers in the business. He is something of a singer himself and was in the Glee Club for at least two years. Math. and Chem. were his strong points when it came to studies. One can easily see where good marks came from in the former when one realizes that he spent three years in Merion, only moving out when the authorities closed that dorm. In Chem. he has been learning how to dye. We suppose he means to make his living by dyeing for others.

We wish him good luck and a stainless record.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD



GORDON B. HARTSHORN

"G. B."

Class Football Team (2); Wogglebug (3). Service:
Friends' Reconstruction Unit.

"Now that will be great."

Gordon was our typical gentleman farmer, though he soon developed into the Haverford ways and became quite a "man about town." "G. B." was never without a pleasant smile and a cheerful word and was a good comrade. Though he was frequently misunderstood on account of his somewhat naïve manners early in his career at Haverford, he soon gained our highest respect for his undying loyalty and faithfulness. Gordon was never an athlete at college, though he tried hard in Wogglebug and on the Scum. His greatest success was as a staunch supporter of the Scarlet and Black as a rooter, for he surely never failed a game or practice. He was of a serious trend of mind at times which made us aware that he was after the truth and was trying to get at the best.

Gordon developed rapidly in Sophomore year, while, with his association with "Jes" Phillips as roommate in Junior year, he unfolded to us in a new light as a very human person. "G. B." learned more from his mistakes than many of us, and seldom "fell" for the same "bone" twice. His indefatigable work in the shovel squad of the Unit of a hot afternoon was an inspiration to many a tired and aching back, and he was the last one to complain on the twelve-mile hike. Jesse Phillips and Elm Thorpe probably understood him as well as any of us, and we must turn to them for further information. But we do know that Gordon was one of the most conscientious men in the class, and his record in the Friends Reconstruction Unit in France, where duty called him, will bear us out.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

CHARLES HARTSHORNE

"Bishop"

Class Treasurer (1); Class Swimming Team (1); Wogglebug (2). Service: Hospital Unit.



"Your absence of mind we have borne . . ."

It is unfortunate that the college did not supply a nurse for our philosopher from Phœnixville; someone was needed to remind Charlie that the world still went on regardless of his constant musing. Hartshorne seemed to forget that time rolled by against the will of even philosophers; hence an array of over-cut notices decorated his North Barclay apartment.

However, his musing amounted to something; they took a poetical form. To remember his poetry is to recall Goldberg's phrase—"It's all right, but it doesn't mean anything"—to recall and to reverse that dictum. For whatever its metrical merits—and it satisfied the jealous eye of the Haverfordian—his poetry meant rather too much. Such at least was our conception, for we didn't understand it, or pretend to. But with the metrical translations from Virgil it was different; for us they were nearly as good as the trot from which we suspect they were composed.

Charles Hartshorne joined with Charles Lamb, who was an affinity, and Zeke Dunn who was not, in denying to scientific treatises the privileges of readableness; we fear that all three gentlemen suffered from a somewhat desultory experience. Certainly with reference to our present victim we have a much-thumbed relic—Casey's Sequel—bearing the name of Hartshorne in which are inscribed so many repetitions of his name and so many figures which we hesitate to ascribe to Euclid that we suspect calligraphy rather than concentration was the owner's aim.

Two years were all too short a time to portray to all the man of character underlying the surface serenity; but we who know the substratum needed not to watch is cropping out in France to know it would develop.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

NATHANIEL HATHAWAY, JR.

"Nat"

Class Treasurer (1); Class Secretary (1); Student Council
(1, 2). Service: Hospital Unit.

"With a reserve which passeth all understanding."

Silence—deep silence—more silence—then a short chuckling laugh during which process the chuckler's body vibrates from head to foot—then a gradual relapse into silence, broken only by an occasional chuckle or two, probably expressing the receding effects of the former cause of mirth, or the occasional recurrence of the topical idea. That is Nat seated in his armchair in North Barclay most any time Freshman year plunged into the depths of a current magazine. In short, this was much our first impression of Nat, till he became acclimated to the changing temperatures and atmospheres of North Barclay.

Together with Charlie Pancoast, Nat came to us from Chestnut Hill Academy, and together these two took up their quiet abode (quiet only intermittently) in that part of Barclay known as "Rhinie Hell." Despite the somewhat reserved and retiring nature of these two boarders, life in the new quarters was perforated with stirring and exhilarating incidents. There was the telephone right outside the Hathaway portal, which issued its petulant summons every five minutes, and the the frequent aqueous avalanche from upstairs which accompanied its merry tinkle added much zest to even such a commonplace operation.

Nat soon wore into our ways, and Sophomore year we felt we knew him only as a brother could. There were few pastimes and diversions in or about the campus which were unknown to Nat, and his quiet suggestions in the affairs of the administration of the class were generally awarded serious consideration.

Unfortunately, Nat was called away to France with Charlie Pancoast to serve in Base Hospital 10 at the end of Sophomore year. We regretted his loss as one who was always a loyal son of 1919.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

JOHN S. HAYNES

"Jack"

Baseball Team (1, 2); Class Baseball Team (1, 2); Wogglebug (3); Class Vice-President (2); Tennis Doubles Championship (2); Class Treasurer (3).



"Jack" was one of our class sphinxes, though he was not of the oyster type of taciturn and could be opened with a few short questions. In Freshman year he roomed in Lloyd Hall, and we saw little of him until the spring when baseball and tennis called him to the field. "Jack" was a good south-paw twirler and soon placed on the Varsity nine, while his ability with the racket placed him immediately as one of the leading tennis stars in college.

Sophomore year found "Jack" catching forward passes in the interclass football game, while his arm was a big aid to "Bob" Gibson's victorious baseball team. During Junior year "Jack" was a day student and we saw very little of him, except in the daily colloquiums in Balderston and Battey's room. Tennis then claimed "Jack," and, with Shipley as a running mate, the team had a successful season. "Johnnie" was one of the only players on the team to win all his matches, while the Shipley-Haynes combination carried away several victories in the doubles.

When the war came "Johnnie" was anxious to get to the front as quickly as possible, but the doctors would not let him pass. He tried to enlist in about every type of service there was, but was unable to place. This persistence was one of the qualities we had observed frequently in "Jack's" method of accomplishing anything, for he seldom started a job that he did not finish, and it is this quality which will bring him out on top in life.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD



GEORGE H. HUBLER

Baseball Team (1); Corporation Scholarship (3). Service:
Gas Warfare Service.

"Beyond the Common Walk."

Who does not remember the fuzzy-haired occupant of 56 North Barclay, that haven of Rhiney Mischief-makers, in our first year here? And who can blame him for pulling a high D in that bugbear, Latin I, amid such surroundings? But as soon as he was comfortably ensconced in Merion, Taylor and Morley looked to their laurels with anxiety. For Harold, always a hard worker, displayed his prowess by landing that most highly valued prize, a Corporation Scholarship.

Not only did "Hub" grab all the Chemistry prizes and Math. honors in sight, but in Junior year he played a stellar game in center field for our second officially recognized baseball team. Whatever he did, bone in the flicker of a tallow candle, play on the class basketball or soccer team, flirt at Willow Grove, or "jew down" Oscar on the price of an envelope, his whole heart and soul were in it.

Hubler heard the call to the colors in the summer of 1918 and joined the Chemical Warfare Service, being placed on overseas duty almost immediately. He had advanced to the rank of sergeant when last heard from, said to be quite a feat in this branch of the army, and expects to touch U. S. soil soon. A certain Auburn maiden vows that no derrick can ever take him away from her again.

If it were not superfluous, we would wish Hubler the best of success, but all who knew him agree that his future is assured, be it in the laboratory, office, or factory.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

JAMES S. HUSTON

Assistant Business Manager *Haverfordian* (1); Cast of "All-of-a-Sudden-Peggy" (1); Cap and Bells Club (1).
Service: Ambulance Corps.

"And he lisped!"

Few of us could say at the end of our Sophomore year that we really knew Huston very well. Unfortunately for us, his tastes were of a retiring nature, and, like the aboriginal cat of "Just So" fame he hunted mostly by his wild lone.

In Freshman year, however, he distinguished himself in the public eye as the rapacious Mrs. Colquhoun in the cast of "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy." As a slant-eyed vamp he was the simon-pure article, the absolute *ne plus ultra*. Shortly after this he became Assistant Manager of the *Haverfordian* and the next year succeeded to the Managership. We must certainly not pass over in our recital his memorable bouts with Doc Hall on recitation days of Chem I. There his revolutionary interpretations of chemical phenomena put even the H₂O Club to the blush, and were always certain to enliven an otherwise tedious session.

The American Ambulance Service lured him away from us in the summer of 1917. With them he has seen long and stiff service on most of the fronts, from Soissons to the Rhine service, as souvenir of which he brings back the Croix de Guerre. He also returns, we expect, well versed in the many vagaries of a Ford, and in those refinements of the French language which are only to be gained by conscientious study of "Le Sourire," and "La Vie Parisienne."

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD



THOMAS MCCONNELL, 3D

"Tom" "Mac"

Class Football Team (1, 2); Mandolin Club (1, 2, 3); Leader (4); Varsity Gymnasium Team (2, 3, 4); "H. G. T." (2, 3, 4); Wogglebug (3); Class Secretary (3); Class Vice-President (4); President Student Council (4); Editor-in-Chief *News* (4); Football Manager (4); Track Manager (4); Corporation Scholarship (4); Cap and Bells Club (2); Founders Club (3); Second Scholarship Improvement Prize; Record Board. Service: Navy.

"To Agree is Human—To Disagree, Divine."

Tom—an obvious Hibernian, though not born on the island. His tastes run instinctively to green, and it is not uncommon to see him in a dark green hat, an olive green coat, a plain green suit, a pea-green tie, a bright green-striped shirt, an emerald green muffler, and sea-green socks. His only departure from the vernal hue is in the spring when he ceases to hibernate and issues forth in a black and white racetrack sport coat. He shows an unlimited capacity for absorbing Economics and is the mainstay and prop of that department, for he has the extraordinary felicity of being always ready with Supply regardless of Demand. He has never been accused of writing poetry, hearing the alarm-clock go off, or enjoying Fifth-day Meeting. His ground swell ambition is to circumvent successfully the eternal feminine, his tirades upon their proximity on the campus bringing down upon him the displeasure of the Holy Heifers. He will gladly take any side of any argument and admit, without proof, that he is right. As President of the Student Council, he has inspired wayward souls with an overweening desire to repent and achieve eternal salvation, and he could be seen at all hours hard at work keeping the world out of trouble. He believes thoroughly in government of, by, and for the Republican Party. He and Russ Miller are the only two members of the class who have roomed together for four years, appropriately climbing the stairs together to their Dove-cote in Senior Year. His favorite expression: "Russ, what'll we do on Saturday night?"

In Senior year he devoted a great deal of energy to the task of getting things back to normal, and much credit is due him for conducting student government in an efficient and decisive manner. As we gradually learned to know Tom, we grew to like him more and more, and by the end of Senior year we were ready to acclaim him as one of the best Haverfordians in the class.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

LEE D. MILLER

"Lee"

Entered Junior Year from U. of P.; Wogglebug Team (3);
Mandolin Club (3). Service: Engineering Corps.

"Wild and woolly."

Lee—a product of the Dakotas, who came to us for a short spell in Junior year from the University of Pennsylvania. During the short time that he was here, he regaled us with stories of the uncivilized West, with tales of that snake and whiskey infested country, and with yarns of the rancher's life. One was never bored when Lee was around. When an appreciative audience for his stories was not to be found, Lee would console his yearning spirit with plaintive tunes upon his French horn.

The spirit of adventure was strong within him still, and shortly after the entrance of the United States in the war, Lee joined a pioneer regiment. We think of him with the wish that we might have known him longer.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD



RUSSELL NELSON MILLER

"Russ"

Class Football Team (1, 2); Freshman Debating Team; Sub. Varsity Football (1, 2); Corporation Scholarship (2, 3, 4); Glee Club (2, 3, 4); Cap and Bells Club (2); Student Council (3, 4); Varsity Football Team (3); Football "H" (3); *Haverfordian* Board (2); Editor-in-Chief *Haverfordian* (3); Secretary A. A. (3); Chairman Junior Day; Class Basketball Team (3, 4); Class Soccer Team (3, 4); Founders Club (3); Second Hibbard Garrett Memorial Verse Prize (3, 4); Captain Football Team (4); President A. A. (4); Manager Musical Clubs (4); Editor-in-Chief *Class Record*; Assistant in English (3, 4); Phi Beta Kappa (4); Clementine Cope Fellowship. Service: Navy.

"Literature—the most seductive, the most deceiving, and the most dangerous of professions."

It matters not so much what we say about Russ so long as we couch our ideas in correct English, for be it known that having marked and mutilated approximately two thousand Rhiny themes, more or less, in the course of the last two years, he has unavoidably learned something about our native jabber. In fact we counted so much on the benefit which he should have derived from this Freshman instruction that we chose him as editor-in-chief of the very volume which you are now perusing, dear reader. (I'll bet he crosses that "dear reader" out.) In justice we must admit that Russ's literary taste does at times rise above Freshman themes; in fact he has an astonishing capacity for memorizing verse, (mostly sentimental), which he takes great pleasure in reciting in a robusto manner, so to speak, at any old time, whether anyone is listening or not. It has been whispered about that these outpourings of love sonnets, heart throbs, and the like, are indulged in by way of rehearsal. Nor are his ravings limited to poetry; the real volcanic eruption occurs *when he sings*. Oft have we trembled as the walls of old Barclay vibrated in sympathetic harmony with his thunderous discharge. When not engaged in the eternal search for the artistically appropriate phrase to fit into his latest poetic composition, Russ could usually be found either dancing or playing football. Socially he has demonstrated how slow the well-known mushroom is, agriculturally speaking. He was never lured onto the dance floor until sometime in Junior year—oh, how the boy has changed!

Russ intends to be a professor, and we hope that some day we may all send our young hopefuls to Haverford to be taught English by him. He was captain of the 1918 football team, which was prevented from materializing by the war, a fact which Swarthmore should congratulate herself upon.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

RALPH MOOCK

Entered middle Sophomore Year from U. of P. Service:
Ambulance Corps.



"Have you a little fairy in your home?"

Yes, we have a little fairy in our class. For no fairy ever had anything on Ralph for sympathetic good nature. It will be time for him to get sore when Oscar forsakes his domain in Founders for a comfortable flat for two.

Moock proved game meat for Tiny Carr's spikes in the Senior-Junior Wogglebug game in 1917-18. It was good training, he avows, for his year of service abroad. After his only year here, he joined the ambulance service in the spring of 1918. We were only too sorry to lose him from the class, but we can now look forward to owning him as a brother alumnus, as he will return next year to complete his course.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD



ALAN DOUGLAS OLIVER

"Doug"

Class President (1); Glee Club (1, 2); Class Cricket Team (1, 2); Varsity Cricket Team (1, 2); Cup for Freshman Cricket (1); Varsity Track Team (1, 2); Student Council (1); Wogglebug (2); Secretary Y. M. C. A. (2); Assistant Football Manager (3). Service: British Ambulance Service.

"I don't see what difference that makes."

There were few of us who entered Haverford with any "rep" to speak of, indeed, we were mostly a wild and scattered flock when we gathered together for the first time in a class meeting; but there was one among us whose fame as an athlete, sprinter, cricketer and general man-of-affairs had reached the ears of even the most uninformed. We were pleased to welcome to our midst "Doug" Oliver, the star Westtown athlete, and we immediately found that his fame was real, for he not only landed two hands on the cane in the rush (which must have been some sprinting on Doug's part, considering the lead those Sophs had), but he also swept away the short runs in the interclass track meet with a good margin. After that Keogh collared him, and his later track achievements turned points for the college.

Doug stepped right up to the front early in Freshman year and became class president during the second term. He had a powerful voice which commanded attention even in our busiest moments, and which was graded down to such dulcet sublimity that the Glee Club was at once incomplete without Doug. We also recall the voice in cricket matches on Cope Field, when Doug would skim the balls with one of his "subway shoots" and follow through with a "*how's that,*" which would drown out "Mike" Bennet's most urgent appeals.

But Doug was one of the most popular men of the class even in spite of the way he hounded us for Barclay Store bills and made us believe that second-hand furniture was as good as new. He was one of the most sociable fellows in the class, and we regretted his loss at the end of Junior year, even when duty called him to service abroad. But we understand Doug is coming back next year to finish with 1920, and we therewith congratulate our successors for the good fortune of his congenial fellowship.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

KENNETH S. OLIVER

"Ken"

Cast of "All-of-a-Sudden-Peggy" (1); Cap and Bells Club (1); Wogglebug (2). Service: British Ambulance Service.



It is not infrequent that striking contrasts occur in relations, even as close as brothers. To say that Doug and Kenny Oliver were similar when they entered Haverford in their Freshman year would certainly be far from the truth; not that one had an option on all the charming and agreeable qualities with which mankind may be blessed, while the other had been robbed of his attractive characteristics, but rather what elements of cleverness the one lacked were readily found in his brother.

Kenn came to us from Westtown with Doug, roomed with him and immediately gave us the impression of one reserved and devoted to studious activities. Kenn started his career as a writer of stories, verse, *News* articles and biting sarcasm for the *Scarlet*, as well as multicolored covers for the same worthy humorous journal. We are in doubt whether he excelled more as an artist or composer, but it was in the latter field that his works became most widely known and appreciated. Kenn was a wonder in writing up lectures and Y. M. C. A. meetings for the *News*. Lecturers at college frequently marveled at the breadth and scope of their talks when they reviewed them in print in Kenn's column and a half dissertation.

But the war called Kenn away at the end of Sophomore year to deeds of mercy in the ambulance squads in Flanders. We regretted his loss, but were glad when he returned to finish out at Haverford in the last semester of Senior year. We were sorry he could not have graduated with us, but wish him the best of luck with Doug in the Class of 1920.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD



CHESTER A. OSLER

"Ches"

Class Chairman (1); Freshman Debating Team; Everett Society Medal (1); Sub. Varsity Football Team (1); Class Cricket Team (1); Student Council (1); Glee Club (1, 2, 3); Cap and Bells Club (2); Class Baseball Team (1, 2); Class Football Team (1, 2); Varsity Soccer Team (2, 3); Soccer "H" (2, 3). Service: Aviation.

"Stidious of change and pleased with novelty"

If you want that little girl who lives next door to keep thinking that you are the finest ever, don't take "Ches" home for a week-end. Like all other Arrow-Collar men, he makes them fall hard, and another man loses the place he has so long cherished in his home town. (Ask Corson—he knows.) But it isn't only "Ches'" looks which make him a winner, for they say he is just as good at telling a girl nothing as he is at telling it camouflaged to seem like a perfect answer to a professor.

"Ches" has been called fickle by many, but he is only very changeable although sincere in his changes. His mind, his grades, his plans for the future, and, in fact, his whole attitude toward life would change without the slightest notice. His grades would soar so high that at times he made the Corp men shudder; then, the next time the "Big Berthas" came from the office, they would be comforted to hear how low the learned man from Pensauken had fallen. His ideas on his future occupation would change in one day from being a peaceful gentleman farmer to a politician and then again to a lawyer. However, we wish 1920 good luck when we hope that he will change his mind once more and return to college next year to join them.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

CHARLES E. PANCOAST, 2D

"Charley"

Class Soccer Team (1, 2); Second Soccer Team (1, 2);
Class Secretary (2). Service: Hospital Unit.

We can find no quotation to fit Pancoast; and it is well that we cannot, for the lack of one typifies his character. His quietness, unobtrusiveness and perhaps bashfulness can be best expressed by a blank. No matter where Charlie was, he had little to say, with the consequence that he was comparably unknown to us. He revealed himself slowly; he was unassuming yet he gained favor among his classmates and was elected Class Secretary for the first half of Sophomore year.

As a Chestnut Hill product both academically and domestically, Charlie roomed with Nat. Hathaway, of the same distinction. Quiet, calm and attitude inviting study could ever be found in their room.

Pancoast had to find some diversion to work off his excess energy and so he became addicted to two healthful sports—soccer and pool. He played his shots well in both games. On the soccer field he was another of the famous 1919 eleven, seven of whom were Varsity men. Charlie himself barely missed the first team, consequently he gained track experience as linesman.

After short training in the Haverford College Emergency Unit, Charlie utilized the experience thus gained under Dr. Babbitt's tutelage and went to France with Base Hospital Unit No. 10. We deeply regret that Pancoast's sense of duty took him away from us in May, 1917.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD



JESSE E. PHILIPS

"Jess" "Evan"

Class Football Team (1, 2); Class Track Team (1, 2, 3); Sub. Varsity Football Team (2); Varsity Football Team (3); Football "H" (3); Class Secretary (3); Class Basketball Team (3).

"A college joke to cure the dumps."

Evan was penned up in Merion Hall in Freshman year and only a privileged few of us came to know him. One was ever sure of a warm reception in his room for he was stowed away immediately above the Merion furnace. He was always quiet and unassuming, but ever ready to play a practical joke.

His evolution came early in Sophomore year when he proved to be one of the few football players that 1919 produced. During this season, in which Haverford sent one of the best teams it has ever had on the field and in which we were never defeated, Philips was a substitute half-back. It was not until Junior year, however, that he had the privilege of strutting around with a scarlet H on his black sweater. In fact, on the mentioning of the name "Philips" one inevitably thinks of the gridiron and of his long spirals.

Yet it was not in football alone that Evan distinguished himself as an athlete. Varsity track, class soccer, and class basket-ball claimed his attention. In the spring Philips could certainly be found in the jumps. In the interclass track meets he was our "iron man;" we looked to him for many points.

When the College Orchestra and the Mandolin Club seriously felt the want of a drummer—a fact that was continually impressed upon us by Philips' constant practice—Evan cultivated the art to perfection.

Besides his athletic and musical abilities, evidently there were latent studious capacities, studious potentialities which were not always apparent to us. However, the transition from the potential to the actual—*i. e.*, the entelechy (for further enlightenment see Dr. R. M. Jones)—must have taken place, for Evan is now successfully teaching at Swarthmore Prep.

Philips and Earnest formed another pair of the inseparables for which 1919 is noted. With his athletic, and evidently studious, abilities, we feel sure that 1919 will be increasingly proud to place Evan Philips among its number.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

ROBERT B. PRICE

"Bob"

Class Historian (I). Service: Medical Corps.

"With us ther was a Doctour of Physik."

During our first two years in college the one expression we heard most frequently in Merion Annex was, "Don't rush off; you-all haven't got much to do, have you?" We have heard considerable about Southern hospitality, and those two years' acquaintance with Bob—sole representative of the Panhandle State in the class—made us believe the best that we had heard. Bob's favorite sport was cats and other such injurious insects, for his own and Doc. Pratt's benefit. Although Bob studied industriously, he was by no means a grind. There was scarcely an athletic event—football, soccer, or baseball game, track or gym meet at which he was not present; and not only present, but an enthusiastic fan. Sundays he usually wandered off toward Bryn Mawr; in the morning to go to church, in the afternoon, "just for a walk" and almost always his camera went with him.

At the end of Sophomore year, having found out all there was to be found in the destructive atmosphere of the Bug Lab., Bob thought he could find more elsewhere, and he left us. Since then we have had the pleasure of seeing him occasionally, although not as frequently as we would have liked. From reliable sources we hear what we thought all the time would be the case: that he is making good; and no doubt one of these days we will find ourselves old acquaintances of the most famous physician in—Charlestown, West Virginia.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD



WALTER PENN SHIPLEY

"Walt" "Pete"

Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3); Class Football Team (1, 2); Class Baseball Team (1); Class Cricket Team (1); Class Basket-ball Team (1, 2, 3); Secretary A. A. (1); Varsity Soccer Team (1, 2, 3); Soccer "H" (1, 2, 3); Captain Soccer Team (3, 4); All-American Soccer Fullback (2, 3); Tennis Doubles Championship (1, 2); Founders Club (2); Class President (3); Corporation Scholarship (4); Spoon Man.

"Studios let me sit."

Pete is good at anything he tries to do, and he certainly would have won the all-round athletic championship of the class if it had not been for the introduction last year of dancing as a major sport at Haverford. Try as he might to acquire the ability of his room-mate, "Ches," in that line, he never could quite balance a cup of tea and say nice things about Bryn Mawr at the same time.

Pete was a student first and last; and the best example of his scholarly attitude was the way he shunned Latin "trots" at the beginning of Freshman year despite the positive proofs that "Fats" Morgan used in order to convince him that professors were very much in favor of them. Math. 2 was another course that won for Walt many sterling friendships, for in his room could always be found Dr. Wilson's "beautiful problems" done so neatly that you couldn't make a mistake in transferring them. One thing we never could understand was whether Walt was really worried about his examinations, or whether he talked so mournfully just to stir the rest of us to study.

Sophomore year, he and "Ches" took a "quiet" room in Center on the first floor. This room was so quiet and so close to the Barclay Store that everyone liked to use it for a friendly chat. But chats were the least of Pete's worries, for "house-wrecker" Morley made at least one incursion a week, and the results were not conducive to study.

Walt left us in the spring of Junior year, but his worth was remembered, and he was judged the most popular man in the class and elected Spoon Man.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

CHESTER M. SUTTON

Entered Senior Year; Foundation Scholarship.

"Ches"

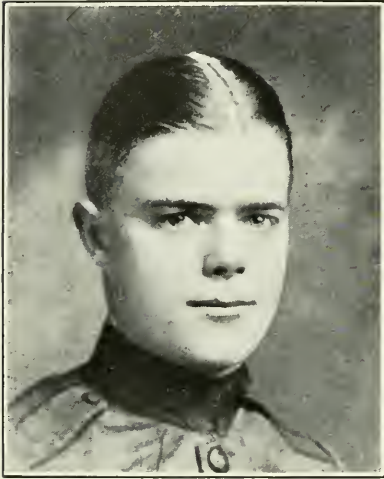


"As meke as is a mayde."

Ches—one of our modestly veiled quantities coming to us in Senior year; occasionally heard, but in general detected, when present, by less drastic methods. At times he is seen guarding some retired corner of the Library. Otherwise he appears regularly at required lectures, meeting, and meals, signifying his modest needs at the table by the sign manual. Compared to him, the Sphinx is a garrulous old woman. He absorbs Economics, Philosophy, and Social Work with the same mild interest, not daring to be so violent as to have a reaction. Many reasons have been assigned for his consistent rejection of the beauties of speech, and only with the greatest difficulty and liability to error do we conclude that the course of the master passion is running perhaps not smoothly. It has also been suggested—O, perish the thought—that his quietness is the result of his having operated a moonshiner's "still."

Never known to give offense, unassuming, quiet and retiring, Ches has made himself welcome to our midst.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD



FREDERICK HEAP STRAWBRIDGE, JR. "Freddie"

Class Football Team (1, 2); Sub. Varsity Football Team (1); Mandolin Club (1, 2). Service: Artillery.

"Gosh, man, life ain't a bed of roses!"

This man of individualistic tendencies, debater and scholar-at-will, burst upon us in what appeared to us to be the full bloom of his youth early in Freshman year, and was with us intermittently for two years. His stay at Haverford, though short, was nevertheless perforated with stirring incidents which proved his maxim that "life was not a bed of roses." "Freddie" was our man of fashion and displayer of the latest and most awe-inspiring color effects. He was a man distinctly set out to do whatever turned up, and if things didn't turn up sufficiently fast, he was a tireless worker in seeing that the morbid and depressing element was kept at a low ebb. "Freddie" was ever a hale-fellow-well-met and was always ready to mix his humor and affability with any gathering. In Sophomore year he argued for Germany in history class, ostensibly for the sake of debate, but chiefly because "he had met some very nice girls in Germany;" but when war was declared, he moved to the front-line trenches with a speed that was detrimental to the Kaiser's success.

"Freddie" aspired to be a football star, and he frequently demonstrated his line-plunging ability on the scrub and in the interclass football matches. The Student Council will recall vividly the several interviews "Freddie" granted them, and realize thereby that after all the world is free and will remain so as long as "The Count" has anything to do with it. Not even the confining quarters of a dog-tent and a midnight patrol could keep "Freddie" from duty which called him towards Germantown the night he "camped out" with the Unit. "Freddie" will never be downed, and it is this quality which will lead him to success.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

HAMILTON DANA TAYLOR

"Alabama"

Corporation Scholarship (2, 3); Class Soccer Team (3); Treasurer Y. M. C. A. (3); Phi Beta Kappa (3); President Y. M. C. A. (4). Service: Aviation.



"You-all."

"Doggone—yes, dingbust"—and "Bammy" would put a dent in the desk with his slide-rule. Whenever a mistake in Math. was made, and one H. D. Taylor was responsible for it, he was made to suffer and swear never to do it again. By this system of training and rigid discipline, which he admitted to have been inculcated in him at his military prep. school, he has allowed his fertile brain to attain its maximum capacity. Dana was the only member of the class to be favored with a Phi Beta Kappa key at the end of Junior year, although his characteristic modesty caused him to shrink from attending the annual meeting to accept it.

Taylor was a trifle high-spirited as a Freshman (so 1918 seemed to think), but when it was spread around that he was a native of Alabama, his shortcomings were promptly forgiven.

The Aviation was fortunate enough to secure his services last fall, and if he had elected to complete his training after the armistice, he would now be styled Lieutenant Taylor. It wasn't that he didn't like to fly. On the contrary he claimed that his aerial experience was most delightful, but he saw that it behooved him to complete his academic training. Even if Haverford should not be fortunate enough to welcome him back next year, we can always be assured that he will maintain our high standards in other academic fields.

"Bammy" can always be recognized by his bland smile and ready interest in anything you may say to him. At the moment of going to press he is enjoying a lucrative position in the sunny South. It would occasion no surprise to hear of him in a few years as a successful engineer.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD



ELMER H. THORPE

"Elm"

Corporation Scholarship (1); Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3); Class Baseball Team (1); Class Cricket Team (1, 2, 3); Varsity Gymnasium Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain Gymnasium Team (4); "H. G. T." (2, 3, 4); *News* Board (2); Editor-in-Chief of *News* (3); Class Treasurer (2); Second Soccer Team (2); Student Council (3); Soccer Team (3); Soccer "H" (3); Varsity Cricket Team (3, 4); Cricket "H" (3, 4); Manager Baseball (4); Class President (3, 4); *Record* Board.

"How various his employments!"

Reader, we beg you to peruse once more and to cogitate over the list of achievements given above. Having complied with that solicitation, you see how futile seems our attempt to describe the activities of Elm Thorpe in a few words. His accomplishments, so briefly stated above, speak volumes and mean more than our meager pen can express.

Elm is a conservative; he believes in looking twice before going ahead. Opposed to the liberal progressives, Thorpe supported compulsory meeting and "ye gude olde custoumes" and traditions. Multitudinous were the discussions between these parties, but Elm's wide and varied experience was usually argument enough to give him the palm. At the table Elm could clinch any argument by the statement—simple on its face yet dynamic in its force—"it's a fact." At that ejaculation Russ Miller would throw up the sponge and succumb to any proposition upheld by E. H.

We feel sure that if there is anything to be gained by studying Social Work, Elm Thorpe followed family tradition—mainly in the footsteps of his brother Ed—and gained it. We can account for his zeal only on the ground of his deep-rooted affection for tradition. At any rate he always had an opinion to express whether or not it dealt with the question in hand.

However, Thorpe has so many admirable qualities that we are at a loss which to mention. When a job was put into Thorpe's hands, it was done, and done correctly with that neatness and deliberation which characterized his whole work. He took time and pains with everything that he did, and in consequence his results were invariably satisfactory. Thorpe was determined to see a thing through; a quality which proved unfortunate in one case, for it required his assumption of four full years of mathematics.

Elm is going into engineering; and it is certain that he will prove his capabilities to his co-workers as well as he did to us.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

Ex = Nineteen

THOMAS P. DUNN

"T. P." "Zeke"

Mandolin Club (1); Toastmaster Class Banquet (1); Class Football Team (2); Cast of "You Never Can Tell" (2); Cap and Bells Club (2).

"Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality."

"T. P.," or "Zeke," as he was sometimes irreverently called, is another of the lost stars of our constellation. He was with us during our thriving Freshman and Sophomore years, and went out from us in the Great Exodus. We knew him as somewhat of a burly sage, pursuing with the greatest equanimity the even tenor of his way, and occasionally coming out of his shell to make ponderous sallies in a deep, deep voice.

His two favorite rendezvous we believe to have been the Academy of Music, and the Merion Y. M. C. A. In affairs musical he was an ardent enthusiast, and no mean connoisseur. Certainly, to all activities, past, present, or future of the Philadelphia Orchestra or the Metropolitan Opera, "Zeke" was an infallible guide-book. Further, he never neglected the human element in these pleasures; in fact he had studied it with such care as to know every thrill in the past career of every prima donna (specially Geraldine).

It was, we suspect, an inherent distrust of monopoly in any form that led him to break away from the Established Church of Haverford and to join the ranks of the dissenting communion with headquarters in Merion Annex. Certain it is that there he was welcomed with open arms, and a pillar of the congregation he remained throughout his college course. In his chosen career of Corporation Lawyer, we prophesy for him a brilliant future. At some distant date, we even see him establishing in our midst a chair of Applied Theology (à la Merion) whose aim will be to encourage a fine independence of public opinion, and to foster the spirit of the national game.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD



FURMAN H. LIMEBURNER

"Beany"

Varsity Gymnasium Team (1, 2); Swimming Team (1); Class Track Team (1, 2); Class Swimming Team (1); Class Cricket Team (1); Class Football Team (2); Class Basketball Team (1, 2). Service: Tank Corps.

"What is so rare as a day in June?"

"Beany" singing a song in tune!

"Beany"—the irrepressible, always ready for anything and everything except classes. Always heard before being seen. Insists on accompanying the musical efforts of the victrola with his voice, but has never been known to sing, hum, or whistle three successive notes correctly. His greatest accomplishments are starting a rough-house and smoking Freddie's favorite brand of cigarettes. His wiry agility got him on the gym team and out of endless scraps.

Fortune does not seem to smile on any of "Beany's" ventures. He bet on Hughes; the hog-raising plan broke up; he arrived at the front the day the armistice was signed! And now that Pancho Villa has so completely cornered the market for diversion in this half of the continent, "Beany" intends to sail for South America, where, if he does not become president of one of the republics, we expect to see him starting countless revolutions. Look to your laurels, Pancho!

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

M. REEVES MORGAN

"Fats"

Class Football Team (1); Class Soccer Team (2); Class President (1); Class Basket-ball Team (1); Class Track Team (1); Class Baseball Team (1); Varsity Football Team (1, 2); Football Cup for 'Conscientious Work (1); Football "H" (2). Service: Aviation, Ground-Work.

"The lion is not so fierce as they paint him"

He is gone—not like a summer-dried fountain—for he left us in February of Sophomore year. Yes, it was sad, and it was so sudden that no one could understand it. Moreover, there was no one left who could convince Swarthmore's beefiest guard that he could not play football. The representatives of Swarthmore are still endeavoring in some way to prevent this "blood-thirsty" fiend from ever playing football again—unless it be for them. But sh!—we have our hopes.

Reeves certainly looks like a student when he puts on a pair of glasses and doubles up over a book, but there are few of us who do not remember the groans and grunts which he breathed forth during the entrance exam in plane geometry. "Fats" would probably have been hung as a traitor at the end of Freshman year if he hadn't been so big and such a good fellow (which one of these reasons had the most influence? Why or why not?), for he joined the abominable Sophs and dumped water on us.

He roomed with Pete and probably got the idea that if he came out of an exam and talked as gloomily as Pete did, he would get the same kind of marks that his room-mate did, for his usual remark was "Honest, I flunked it cold." He never got the system working quite as well as Pete did, but he generally came through pretty well.

Despite "Fats'" blood-thirsty methods on the football field and his manner so terrorizing to Rhinies, there is that big heart in there somewhere which wins everyone, and we were all sad when he saw the vision, or whatever it was, and suddenly left.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD



FRANK VIGOR MORLEY

Class Soccer Team (1, 2); Corporation Scholarship (1, 2); Class Cricket Team (1); Second Varsity Cricket Team (1); Shakespeare Bat (1); Class Vice-President (1); Class of '96 Mathematics Prize (1); Class President (2); Varsity Cricket Team (2).

"His words, like nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command."

We deeply feel our misfortune in being forced to rate Frank among the ex-members; but there is no alternative. Frank claims that he wanted to work under his father, but we have an intuitive feeling that our proximity to Bryn Mawr and Rosemont had something to do with his departure; at any rate we lost one of the most popular men in the class at the end of Sophomore year.

To whatever line Frank sets his mind, he is sure to make a success of it. With a flow of language, laden with affectations and conceits, whose frequent incoherence was hardly detectable, he convinced the professors that he was the best scholar in our class. As an athlete he quickly adapted himself to soccer, gymnasium, and cricket. His popularity among his classmates was slow but certain in its development and culminated in his election to the class presidency for the last half of Sophomore year.

Mathematics is Morley's main concern, although he is almost equally dexterous along other lines. Whenever a geometrical problem baffled us, Morley always had time and wit not only to solve it but to illustrate it in a painstaking manner with inks of many colors.

We discovered that in addition to the reason stated above—that of educating the artistic taste of certain math. students—there was another motive for using the varied-colored inks. A month's accumulation of ink-bottles filled with water constituted excellent munitions by which Hartshorne's room in Merion could be bombarded from the Annex. Morley is something of a carpenter, too. He received his primary instruction and training in mending "Ches" Osler's furniture, which was shattered in their frequent muscular encounters.

We feel sure that we are not saying too much in stating that Frank Morley was one of the most capable men in our class and one of the cleverest in college at the time of his departure for Johns Hopkins.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

CLEAVER S. THOMAS

Class Soccer Team (1, 2); Class Football Team (1, 2);
Second Soccer Team (1); Class Baseball Team (1); Class
Cricket Team (1); Class Basket-ball Team (1); Varsity
Soccer Team (2); Soccer "H"



"Exceedingly well re(a)d."

A revolver shot deafening the ears, a flash-light blinding the eyes, an upset bed, a shout or two and comparative silence again; that was the impression left on many a Freshman by Cleaver the first night of Sophomore year. Having roomed with Joe Walton the year before, and in such a conspicuous place as first floor center, he had been rather quiet for one of his mischievous nature. But being a Soph with a Rhinie roommate, he "let out" and "showed 'em up." No doubt Kamsler will long remember that first half-year under Cleaver's protecting care.

Since a few of his younger years were spent at "dear old Westtown," Cleaver of course knew how to play soccer. There was, however, a championship team already in college so he had to be content with a second team position the first season, but the next year saw him holding down center half on the varsity; and the "H" awarded to him at the end of the season was well won. During the same season he lead the class team, and it was he who was responsible for the defeat of the Rhinies by scoring the first goal for us and putting fight into the team.

When the end of the year came, however, Cleaver went into business, and this last year as abroad in the American Friends' Reconstruction Unit, from which he has recently returned.

Outside the curriculum, the most interesting subject in his opinion was the study of human nature or the way human beings acted under peculiar circumstances. This is shown by the warm reception he gave to Freshmen, his Sunday evening strolls along the pike, or his "Purity League" raids.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

Ex-Eighteen



GEORGE HAINES BUZBY



EDWARD ARTHUR GRIBBON PORTER

Buz and Ed came back to finish with us the last half of senior year. Together they helped to infuse "the old pep" at a time when it was at low ebb. Ed's Bryn Mawr episode will always remain one of the most enjoyable incidents in the college career of some of us.

L. KENT KEAY

"Kent"

Entered Sophomore Class; Wogglebug (2); Glee Club (2);
Assistant Football Manager (3). Service: Balloon Service.

Kent was a fighter who never knew when he was licked. We regretted that he could not have finished with us.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

WILLIAM A. HOFFMAN

"Bill"

Entered Sophomore Year; Class Secretary (2); Wogglebug (2); Glee Club (2); Second Soccer Team (2); Class Soccer Team (2); Assistant Soccer Manager (3). Service: Hospital Unit.



For one thing we must acknowledge our indebtedness to 1918, and that is our short but pleasant companionship with Bill Hoffman. After he had survived the perils of Freshman year with his class, he was forced to miss a year on account of illness, but, with his characteristic sagacity, he entered our class in its Sophomore year.

Bill's massive frame would have meant a tower of strength on the football line the next year, but after his preliminary bandaging under the personal supervision of Dr. Babbitt in the Emergency Unit, he saw fit to join his friends in the Base Hospital No. 10.

Hoffman's tenor voice was a valuable reinforcement to the Glee Club during the single year of his sojourn with the class, and his genial friendship an asset to all who were fortunate enough to possess it.



CLASS IN FRESHMAN YEAR



History of the Class of 1919 Freshman Year

It is a difficult thing when one has arrived at the last stage of Seniorhood, to look back four years upon the time when one was a Rhiny. And yet the "grass looks green on a distant hillside," there being little difference whether the hillside is ahead or behind. In retrospect we see not so much the troubles of our year of introduction to Haverford as we see the blessings of that busy, carefree time when all the knowledge, traditions, activities, and benefits of our new surroundings were beginning to unfold before us.

Annually there occurs on the campus a general disturbance, manifesting itself most violently among the Sophomores; this bursting out of new life is occasioned by the measures taken by the students to see that the new arrivals are properly received and introduced. The dumping, molasses, water and all such similar flies in the Rhiny ointment which accompany this reception may seem annoying to a Freshman, but they should be silently endured, for they are indispensable to a class history. In examining the source material of our first few days in college I find an abundance of data.

In the fall of 1915 approximately forty-five innocent, lambllike, prospective Freshmen migrated to Haverford and were forthwith sheared. Those of us who did not know better came to college the night before the term opened, the motive for such action being a laudable desire to be on hand bright and early for the first day. But good intentions—(the proverb applies admirably)—counted for nought. During the early part of the evening much energy was uneconomically expended in carrying trunks and similar articles upstairs

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

and then down again, playing cuckoo, wrestling with temptation, and in numerous like ways disporting ourselves for the benefit of anyone who seemed to have the authority to make us do so. The rest of the night we spent in changing places with the bed,—first we would be on it and then it would be suddenly superimposed upon us.

On the afternoon of the following day we lost the cane rush, as any good Rhiny class should. In the evening the Sophomores attempted to execute a pajama parade through Ardmore. The last remnant of this line of specters flew in all directions through the quiet streets of Ardmore after the Juniors had roughly interfered with the plans of the Sophs. Like carrier pigeons we all flew back to college and were immediately segregated in the Union, where, for the rest of the evening, we entertained the college body individually or in groups at what is euphemistically called the Rhiny Reception. After this was over, we were ready to call it quits and stop; but hats and rules were still coming our way.

The trials and tribulations which we struggled through during our first few days of separation from home and mother brought us closer together as a class, for Shakespeare has truly said that "Friends in trouble flock together," or something to the effect that birds of a feather are friends indeed. The "birds of a feather" figure was literally true on the night of the pajama parade, although "Zeke" Dunn, even at that early date in the history of our class, displayed his irrepressible individuality by budding out in a night-shirt.

After these first few days we settled down to a quieter, saner life. The class was organized and elected Ches Osler temporary chairman. Later Osler was elected president for the first half year. With football and soccer in full swing the fall passed quickly. The class immediately showed signs of the fact that it was one of the strongest soccer classes that had ever been in college, and one of our number, Fats Morgan, was a first team substitute in football and played in four or five games. With a consistency beautiful in its simplicity we followed up the cane rush by losing the Fresh-Soph football game. Gradually we felt ourselves becoming a part of the college and as the Swarthmore game drew nearer and cheer meetings waxed warmer, we felt, as our Rhiny hearts had never before felt, that that game was the end of the world and that victory would be paradise materialized. At the smoker on the night before the big game the class entertained the rest of the college and the alumni with the Freshman cake-walk. All were full of college spirit and sweet cider. As a grand finale we defeated the Sophomores for the first time by taking the cake away with us after a hard fight on the steps of the gym. Flushed with victory we went to bed to dream of a bigger triumph on the following day. But the victory did not come that year, although we know the team deserved it, and when we came back to college after the game, with cap and grass rules off and with a sorrow in common with the rest of the college, we felt that we were at last truly Haverfordians.

Winter set in and midyears, with all their unknown but none the less dreaded terrors, began to loom large on the horizon. Studying became more and more a prevalent method of passing the time. As all things do, so did midyears come and go; one or two failed to survive, many acquired conditions, and all relaxed and turned again to lighter occupations, some to the gym team, some to the musical clubs and some to the dramatic opportunities offered by the Cap and Bells play. Excess winter ambition was dissipated in rough-housing,

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

in water fights with the Sophs, and in hearkening to that incessant ejaculation of the upper classman, "Phone, Rhiny!" It was in this period of dodging the Soph's snowballs on the way back from meeting or at the entrance of the dining hall, of skating, and of indoor sports, that Dr. Sharpless entertained the class one evening. Upon our return to the "dorms" at ten-thirty even the most generous spirited of us were inclined to suspect President Sharpless of being in collusion with the Sophs for giving them such a glorious opportunity to play hurricane in our rooms.

Spring sports soon began to occupy our attention, not the least important of these being the traditional Rhiny exercise of rolling the tennis courts and the cricket crease. The early evenings were livened up by such intellectual games as baby-in-the-hat. Serious athletic efforts were directed toward cricket and track, baseball not yet being a recognized sport. Studious pursuits were again made necessary by the approach of the final exams. Price struggled valiantly through German I with an Irish accent and an unprecedented and inimitable pronunciation of "ich bin." Those of us who were being exposed to Latin agreed that Vergil, as a poet, was much inferior to the nameless bard who eulogized Latin in these sweet lines:

"All those are dead who wrote it,
All those are dead who spoke it,
All those soon die who learn it,
Poor damned fools,—they earn it!"

The last degree of Rhinyhood was conferred upon us by the Sophs in the cricket shed where the two classes buried the hatchet and sang "Here's to 1918" and "Here's to 1919" together. Exams passed and we packed our trunks and left for home, proud of having completed the first quarter of our college course and anticipating our return in the fall as Sophomores.



CLASS IN SOPHOMORE YEAR



All the world knows that turn about is fair play, and every Sophomore Class on record has accepted this maxim as the eleventh commandment and the first tenet of its philosophy. For one long year, we had been consoling ourselves by singing and thinking, "Here's to nineteen-twenty, for we're going to give them plenty;" so when nineteen-twenty finally did arrive on the scene, we took up hazing again with a changed point of view. The change in the point of view was the same as the difference which exists between the passive and the active voice. The special feature and added attraction of the hazing this fall was free tomatoes—seventeen baskets of them—well ripened. For many of us there will long exist in the memory a picture of a continuous stream of Rhinies climbing through the window of the shed under the grandstand, showered with water and bombarded by tomatoes, the whole nocturnal scene being illuminated by some automobile headlights.

As we ourselves had lost most of the contests with the Sophs of the previous year, now we turned to and won the cane rush, the Soph-Fresh football game, the cake rush and the interclass soccer championship. After matters had settled down a bit, we looked around to see if all were present or accounted for. Several old men were missing and two new acquisitions were on hand, namely, Frank Earnest and Haworth, better known as "Globo" later in his brief and rather spectacular sojourn with us.

Life as a Sophomore Class is, as "Fweddy" Strawbridge might say, no "bed of roses." Freshmen look upon Sophomores as tyrants, brutes, bullies and friends of the lowest order, while the two upper classes are generally divided into two groups; one group thinks that the Sophs are over-doing the thing a little, and they say so; the other group believes that the Sophs are rather falling down on the job and are not properly rearing the college's youngest brood: this last group also says so. By the time we had completed what we considered a

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

moderate but sufficient hazing program, we began to realize that Papa may have been right when he said, "This hurts me as much as it does you," simultaneously wielding the slipper for another wallop. The first half of Sophomore year was further made interesting and precarious by our exposure to required gym and Babbit's Best Bull in weekly instalments.

The fall of 1916 will forever be famous, and justly so, as the year in which Swarthmore bit the dust to the tune of 10-7. The score is not even an adequate suggestion of the completeness of the defeat. Many and glorious were the celebrations thereof.



CLASS SOCCER TEAM

The class banquet was held this year at Kugler's—the class banquet whereat Freddy Strawbridge, acting as toastmaster, came in—but we'll have to leave that story to our memories.

In the spring of this year the "quiet tenure of our ways" was interrupted by the declaration of war and the consequent formation of the Haverford College Emergency Unit, designed to teach us everything worth knowing in three months and nothing in the long run. Dr. Babbit, as general-in-chief of this war-like organization, appeared every afternoon at 2.15, dressed in leather puttees to fit the part, and gave commands which *even we*, ignorant as we were at that time regarding proper military phrases, could not understand or execute. Throughout April and May, we lived a bewildering life, composed of an uncertain mixture of regular academic work and rigorous, disorderly, military discipline; add a dash of first aid, a pinch of automobile driving and repairing, a half tablespoon of the "back-to-nature"

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

movement, stir well with a shovel and expose every afternoon in the hot sun for four hours and you have it.

On Mondays, Dr. Babbit taught us the most difficult way to handle a stretcher and how to improperly bandage a pectoralis major. On Tuesdays the anatomy of a gas engine was elucidated, several working models being kept on hand, one or two of which might be coaxed to run upon occasion. On Wednesdays, Professor Brown took the *whole army* for a hike, the walk-there-and-run-back-arriving-almost-in-time-for-supper kind of a hike. On Thursdays Dr. Snyder taught us how to camp in one night; *only one* night, may the gods be praised! Fridays were reserved for day labor on the "baseball field" whereon no baseball has as yet ruffled the mud or weeds. In between times, Doc Bennett gave us cavalry drill on foot.

In the late spring, President Sharpless' resignation was announced to the sincere regret of all. Dr. Comfort was chosen to succeed him.



CLASS IN JUNIOR YEAR



Upper-classmen at last: the world was ours and all that was in it; such was our feeling at least. All we had to do was criticise the Sophs for the way they hazed the Freshmen, and the Seniors for the way they lead the college activities. In many ways Junior year is the most happy and care free of the four college years. "All the comforts of home and none of the bothers," as the advertisement of apartments goes.

But the size of the college body had shrunk noticeably over the summer. War services had taken many of our best men from us; not only from our class but from the whole student body also. Particularly was the absence of Marney Crosman felt, captain-elect of football, gymnasium and cricket. As a result of this loss of men, the football season was a failure this year, and Swarthmore seized the opportunity to avenge her defeat of the year before. In soccer, however, we carried off the intercollegiate championship, Pete Shipley of our class being captain of the team. In the interclass Wogglebug games, we managed with difficulty to find enough men in the class who were eligible and to defeat the Sophs, only

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

to have Tiny Carr and Mussiter, the two giant Senior half-breeds, tear us up and knock us down again to defeat.

It was in this year that dancing was introduced on the campus. The first dance on the campus was given by the Cap and Bells Club in February in conjunction with the Musical



CLASS BASKET-BALL TEAM

Clubs Concert. On May 3d, the Class of 1919 had the privilege of being the first class to hold a dance on the campus. Since the Cap and Bells play had been dropped, this dance was made the main feature of our Junior Day.

At Commencement the elections to Founders' Club from our class were announced. Those who measured up to the requirements in college activities and studies were Earnest, McConnell, Miller, Shipley and Taylor. Taylor was also elected to Phi Beta Kappa at the end of Junior year.

It was during this spring of 1918 that the terrible significance and seriousness of the war seemed first to impress itself upon the country at large and Haverford College in par-

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

ticular. All through the spring men enlisted and left college, liberal provision for their academic standing being made by the college authorities. By the end of the college year the class had dwindled down to less than twenty-five, and most of these men had enlisted and were waiting for their call to active duty in one form of service and another. We could not part this time in the same light-hearted, wish-you-a-good-summer way as we had previously, for this time it was "Good-bye and good luck till the war's over." With the German drive at its height and with every day bringing bad war news, we parted, each to do his duty as he saw it and knowing that even at the best we would never again all be united as a class.



CLASS IN SENIOR YEAR



SENIOR YEAR

The depleted condition of the Senior Class in the fall of 1918 was more than a fulfilment of the signs of the previous spring. When college opened there were three or four Seniors present, one of them being Ches Sutton, a new half-breed from Guilford College. The authorities of the college had considered it best not to install an S. A. T. C. at Haverford. The football schedule had to be cancelled, and required afternoon exercise under the direction of Doc Bennett was substituted for the normal athletic program. The student body was reduced in number to about sixty-five, about half of this number being Freshmen. Several members of the faculty were absent, being engaged in war work. The students present were of three classes: those too young for service, those unfit for service, and five or six men furloughed from service for several months to attend classes. Special courses in navigation and wireless telegraphy were added to the curriculum. From September to November it looked as though the number present would soon be still further decreased and genuine optimism was required to keep things moving at all.

With the signing of the armistice on November 11th the return of students to Haverford began. During the next two or three months almost a hundred men returned. The atmosphere changed and everything was livened up; at times the reaction seemed excessive and the troubled waters of student life required a slight onpouring of oil. The new life manifested itself in renewed athletic activity. Basket-ball was voted a major sport and the first varsity basket-ball team fought through a fairly successful season. The gym team got into action and came out on top by defeating Penn and Princeton and losing to Annapolis. The musical clubs fell into the spirit of the occasion and one of the largest and most successful seasons in their history. As spring came on track, baseball, and cricket got under way. Everyone worked to bring the college back to normal and the Senior Class, now numbering officially twelve men, labored industriously in attempting to properly lead college activities and accomplish the work which was usually done by a class of thirty-five or forty.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

As the year draws to a close, these efforts seem to be rewarded. For the first time in two years the college is running smoothly. The college body for next year promises to be well over two hundred men, larger than ever before. Once again we can hope for a football team that will defeat Swarthmore and for a good-sized student body full of the old Haverford pep and spirit. As alumni we can come back next year and look upon a college similar to the one which we saw as Freshmen; and, more, we can feel that we worked and helped to bring it back to that condition.

It is a well known fact that each generation thinks it is living in the most important period of human history. In a very similar way, a college class is apt to believe that it has seen and helped inaugurate most important changes in its Alma Mater. Certain it is, however, that the college from which we are now graduating is in several significant respects



a different college from the one into which we matriculated four years ago. During those four years dancing has come on the campus, baseball and basket-ball have become major sports, the personnel of the faculty has changed considerably and a change in the president of the college has occurred. We do not claim, as a class, to have been responsible for these and other minor changes, but we have been partly instrumental in bringing most of them about, and we hope and believe that they will act for the good of the college.

The last few days of our college life were darkened by the sudden death of our most beloved and respected teacher and friend, Dr. Francis B. Gummere. We cannot adequately express our sorrow at the death of this man under whom we had studied and in whose genial company we had lived for four years. The world will feel his loss as a scholar, but only a Haverfordian can fully appreciate his loss as a man.

The additional elections to Founders' Club from our class this year are Corson and

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

Graves. Russ Miller is added to the number of those who can boast the privilege of wearing the Phi Beta Kappa key.

And now, as the portals of college life are slowly but inevitably closing behind us, we face a new adventure—the world. We can scarcely expect, at the hands of this new antagonist and friend, even as gentle a reception as that which was accorded us four years ago by the traditionally hostile Sophomores. Worst of all, in this new sphere we are no longer to be united; no longer can we work together as pals and classmates, but each for himself must “shove off” and row his own one-man scull. But this separation can be but physical; in spirit we are still and always shall be a class, watching each other’s efforts with sympathy and good wishes, and all cheering for each as we have oft times done on the athletic field.

Almost with envy we look back once more at those who are still within those closing portals, those who have yet some time to work and play and live as we have lived for the four years past. We turn our faces to the front again and there a different picture meets our gaze: out upon the sea of life we pick out those who have already passed the line whereon we stand. A new feeling rises within each breast—there ahead is our place, among those who have gone before us. Toward it, each in his own way, we start, with a common feeling of love for Haverford and a determination to be worthy of her, our Alma Mater.



THE FACULTY

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

The Faculty

WILLIAM WISTAR COMFORT, Ph.D., Litt.D., LL.D.

*ISAAC SHARPLESS, Sc.D., LL.D., L.H.D.

ELIHU GRANT, Ph.D.

*ALLEN CLAPP THOMAS, A.M.

LEON HAWLEY RITTENHOUSE, M.E.

*LYMAN BEECHER HALL, Ph.D.

RAYNER WICKERSHAM KELSEY, Ph.D.

*ALBERT SIDNEY BOLLES, Ph.D., LL.D.

ALBERT HARRIS WILSON, Ph.D.

†FRANCIS BARTON GUMMERE, Ph.D., LL.D., Litt.D.

HENRY JOEL CADBURY, Ph.D.

HENRY SHERRING PRATT, Ph.D.

FRANK DEKKER WATSON, Ph.D.

JAMES ADDISON BABBITT, A.M., M.D.

DEAN PUTNAM LOCKWOOD, Ph.D.

RUFUS MATTHEW JONES, A.M., Litt.D.

OSCAR MARSHALL CHASE, S.M.

DON CARLOS BARRETT, Ph.D.

THOMAS KITE BROWN, JR., Ph.D.

LEGH WILBER REID, Ph.D.

WILLIAM OTIS SAWTELLE, A.M.

FREDERICK PALMER, JR., Ph.D.

EDWARD DOUGLAS SNYDER, Ph.D.

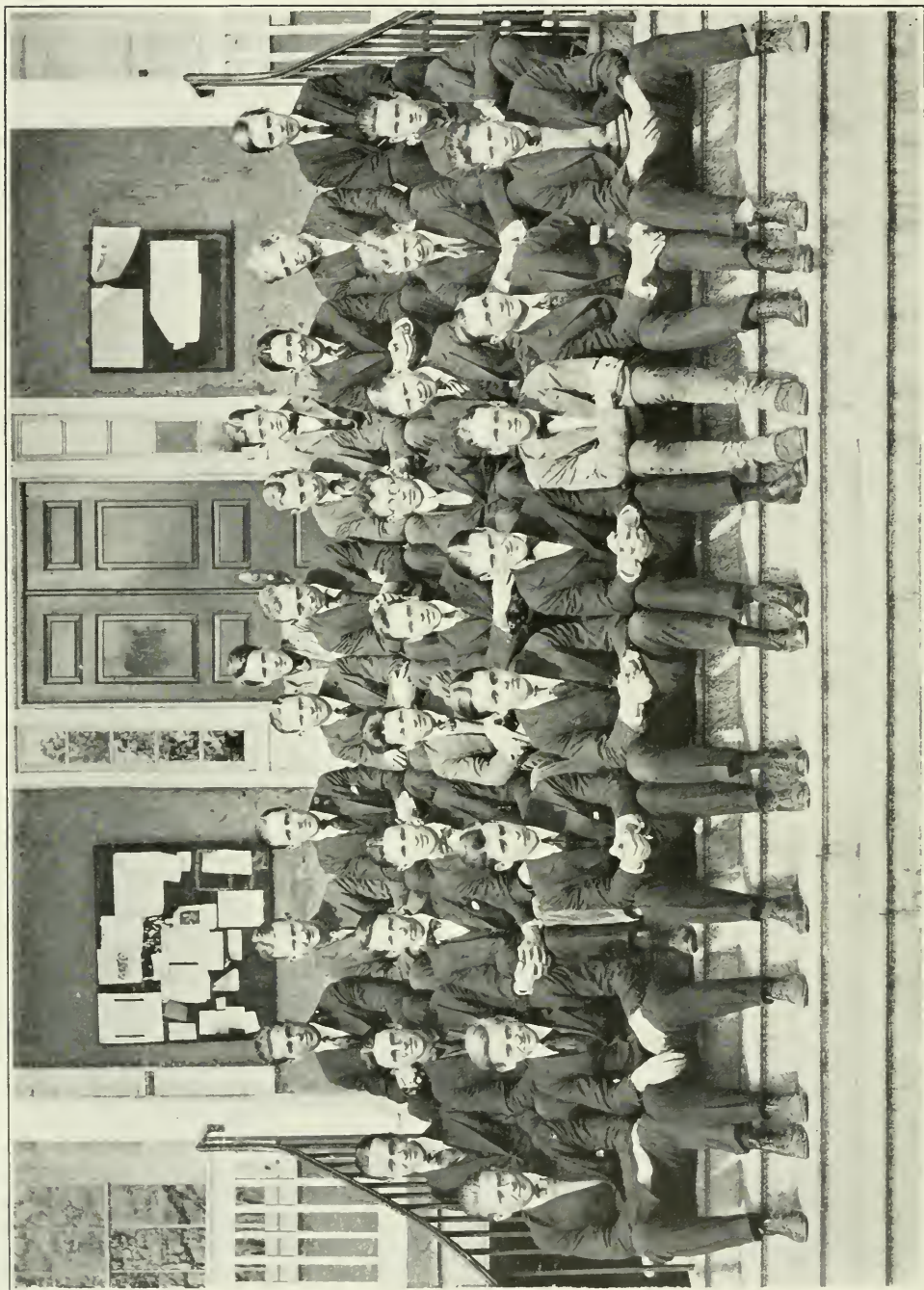
WILLIAM EDWARD LUNT, Ph.D.

JAMES McFADDEN CARPENTER, JR., A.M.

ABRAHAM HENWOOD, Sc.D.

* Emeritus.

† Deceased.



CLASS OF 1920

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

Junior Class

Harold Walton Brecht	Lansdowne, Pa.
Robert William Burritt	Overbrook, Pa.
Benjamin Collins, Jr.	Purchase, N. Y.
Lucius Williams Elder, Jr.	Wayne, Pa.
Edmund Morris Fergusson, Jr.	Baltimore, Md.
John Russel Fitts	Kansas City, Mo.
Frank Thomson Gucker, Jr.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Pierson Penrose Harris	Philadelphia, Pa.
Harry Calvin Hartman	Waynesboro, Pa.
John Alan Hisey, Jr.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Gilbert Thomas Hoag	Haverford, Pa.
Milton Adolph Kamsler	Philadelphia, Pa.
Thomas Henry Kearney	Edgemont, Pa.
Thomas Henry Kimber	Philadelphia, Pa.
Joseph Bernard King, Jr.	Mt. Airy, Pa.
Alfred Douglas Knowlton	Haverford, Pa.
Clarence James Leuba	Bryn Mawr, Pa.
Isaac Cate Lycett	Baltimore, Md.
James Torbert Mullin	West Chester, Pa.
Kenneth Stuart Oliver	Moorestown, N. J.
John Davies Reese	Scranton, Pa.
Francis Stokes Silver	Aberdeen, Md.
Robert Buoy Smith	Hollidaysburg, Pa.
Thomas Hodgson Stubbs	West Chester, Pa.
James Edward Sutton	Denver, Colo.
Henry Rumsey Tatnall	Wilmington, Del.
Clinton Clement Hancock Thorpe	Haverford, Pa.
Granville Ernest Toogood	Germantown, Pa.
Schuyler Curtis Van Sickle	Springfield, Mass.
John Steele Williams	Germantown, Pa.



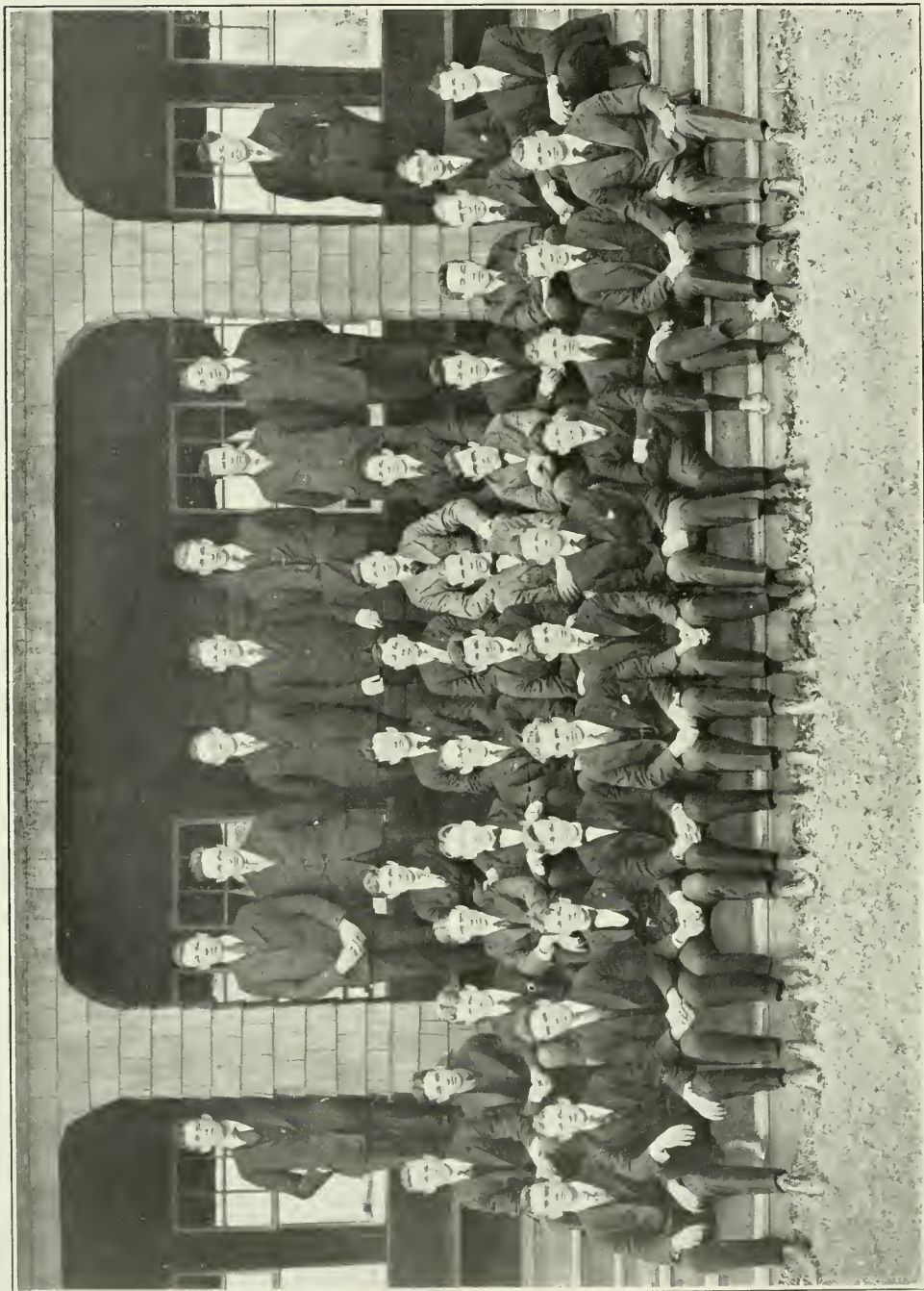
CLASS OF 1921

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

Sophomore Class

Alan Mason Abele
Harold Walton Arrowsmith
Robert Atkinson
Jervis Jefferis Babb
James McGranahan Baker
Thomas Bradwell Barlow
Henry Charles Bigelow
Robert Stafford Broadhead
Paul Herbert Caskey
Cornell March Dowlin
John Branson Edmunds
Henry Thomas Elkington
Stacy Newcomb Ewan, Jr.
Thomas LaFayette Fansler, Jr.
George John Gebauer
Harold Caulk Grier
Edward Cadmus Haines
Alan Woods Hastings
Edmund Guido Hauff
Eugene Blair Heilman
Herschel Clifford Henderson
John Robison Hoopes
Boris Leon Hurwitz
William Thomas Jebb
John Barclay Jones, Jr.
Malcolm Dean Kerbaugh
John Hugo Klaren, Jr.
Julian Sax Long

Morrison Cushman McKinley
Archibald MacIntosh
David Matzke
William Felix Mengert
John Delaplane Miller
Norman Forbes Milne
Elliston Perot Morris, 2d
Alfred Nicholson
Samuel Albert Nock
Raymond Theodore Ohl
James Lawrence Pierce
Amos Arthur Powell
Hubert Townsend Richardson
Garrett Roberts
Albert Edward Rogers
Henry Ruffu
Milton Huyett Sangree
Joseph Hutchinson Smith
Willard Samuel Taylor
Harry Garland Timbers
Charles Wilbur Ufford
Austin Shaffner Walker
Benjamin Weatherby, 2nd
Henry Bertrand Wilbur
David Harris Willson
Robert Newlin Wood
Allan Zook



CLASS OF 1922

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

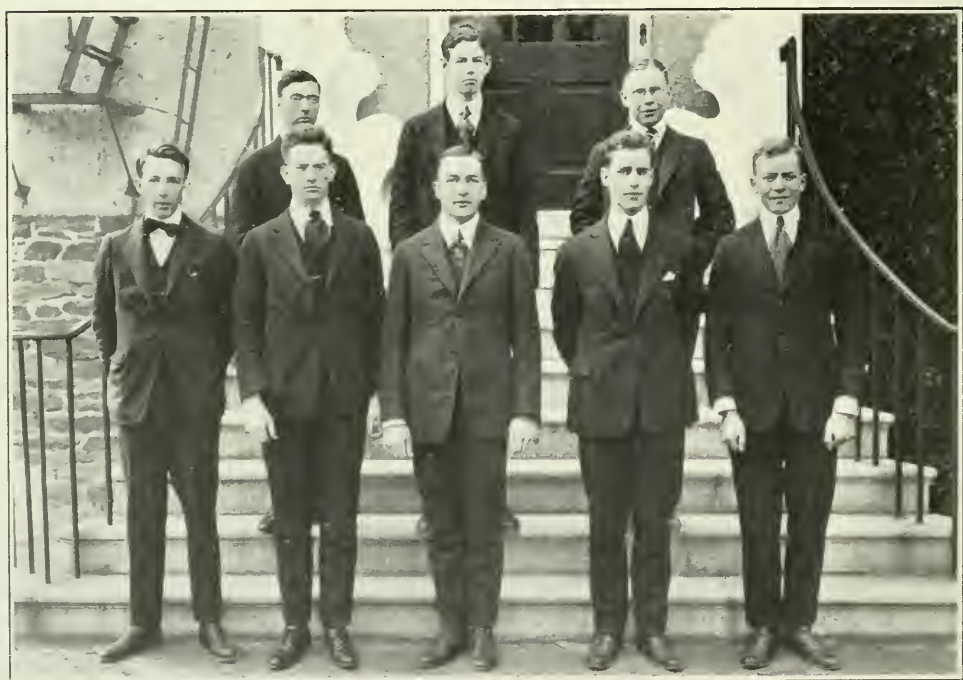
Freshman Class

Charles David Abbott, Jr.
Noel Stryker Arrowsmith
John Bryant Barker
Kenneth Braddock-Rogers
Andrew Brown
Allen Kazlitt Bucknell
Anthony Morris Carey, Jr.
Henry Salmon Fraser
John Flagg Gummere
Howard Lippincott Haines, Jr.
Percival Hall, Jr.
Joseph Hallock
Mordecai Halpern
William Blair Heilman
William Craig Hendricks
George Adolph Hilleman
Richard Worth Janney
Edward Ballinger Jones
David Alexander Kay
Barton Hay Kuhns
Henry William Kumm
David Redfield Lane
Andrew Lindsay Lewis
Delaplaine McDaniel
William Henry MacCallum, Jr.

Gerald Langacre Marvin
Robert Rudolph Matzke
Vincent Oscar Miller
Thomas Roger Montgomery
Alfred George Meunch
Shigeo Nakane
Herbert Willard Oliver
Foster Nichols Perry
Harry William Pfund
William Attich Reitzel
William Lester Rhoads
Richard Grafflin Sagebeer
Nathan Barnitz Sangree
James Eckel Sidel
William Easter Silver
William Brinton Smith, Jr.
Craig McComb Snader
Thomas Tatnall, Jr.
Edward Allinson Taylor
Edward Jackson Thompson
Kenneth Betts Walton
Roger Wiley
John Colvin Wright
Kung Huei Yeh
Edwin Walter Zerrer



"News" BOARD



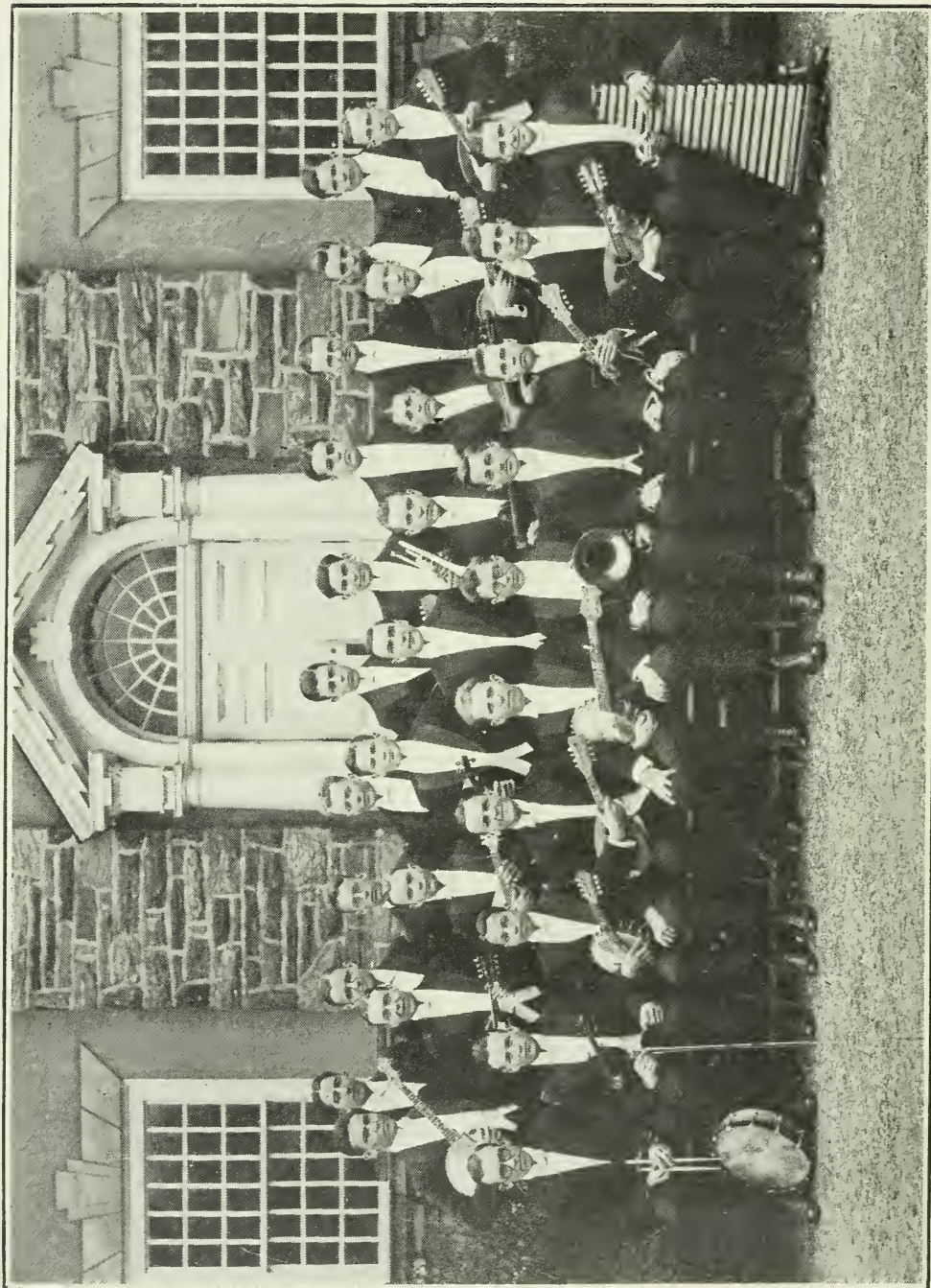
Y. M. C. A. CABINET

Litterati

In the realm of literary activity, 1919 made a very creditable showing during its first two years; but the coming of the war in Junior year swept away all traces of the poetic muse and even rendered the prosaic minds too confused for serious efforts. The military spirit proved too much for the *Haverfordian*, and so, after an unsuccessful attempt to consolidate with its rival, the *News*, the oldest literary journal of the college quietly withdrew from the public eye and retired to its cell in the Union. There it is content to remain till the zeal of war is over and the feelings of undergrads are once again toned to literary expression.

Russ Miller and Doug Oliver immediately identified themselves in the pages of the *Haverfordian* with short poems early in Freshman year. Later, in Soph year, they were taken on the board, and Huston was delegated by the business authorities to "chase ads." Meanwhile, Kenn Oliver, "the Bishop" and T. P. Dunn occasionally appeared in the journal with stories and bits of verse. But then came the war and all its mental unrest, and the *Haverfordian*, after receiving a few loud curses for unpopular articles, succumbed.

The *News* sought 1919, for 1919 had little inclination for the routine work of the *News*. Chapman was selected for the business board in Sophomore year, while Kenn Oliver and Elm Thorpe were taken in as associate editors near the end of the same year. Kenn soon left college for service overseas, and upon Elm fell the ardent duties of editor, during one of the most gruelling periods in the history of the paper. Everything was censored, then rejected. The paper fairly vibrated with petrified vitality. Then 1920 came forward and took charge, and under the progressive leadership of Leuba we extend our heartiest wishes for success.



COMBINED MUSICAL CLUBS

Cap and Bells

Whether we were the possessors of actors of dramatic skill or not, we never had the full opportunity to demonstrate. The only play that was staged by the dramatic clubs during our undergraduate life was the humorous skit, "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy," given in Freshman year. In this presentation Huston and Kenn Oliver won rôles in which they clearly showed their histrionic cleverness with difficult female impersonations. We recall that Huston's handling of the brogue on the occasion was a source of unsolicited mirth among the audience. The following season's dramatic offering, "You Never Can Tell," brought out more talent from our numbers, when Corson, T. P. Dunn, K. S. Oliver and Freddy Strawbridge were selected for major and minor parts. But the organization of Dr. Babbit's Emergency Unit unfortunately prevented us from witnessing a presentation of the annual play; and, with its withdrawal from the footlights and the coming of the war, the Cap and Bells did not undertake another offering while we were at college.

This cessation of the play was a source of deep regret to many of us; more especially on our Junior Day, when, despite the efforts of many of us to organize a short skit for the occasion, the idea had to be abandoned for lack of sufficient backing, time and co-operation. In its place we substituted a reception and dance in the gym, which marked the first of this Junior Day entertainment on the campus. We sincerely hope that the dramatic club will speedily endeavor to revive the annual play which has always been so welcomed by Haverfordians.

In the musical world we claimed ability; yes, even talent. Doug Oliver placed on the Glee Club Freshman year, while Russ Miller, Chess Osler and Doug were selected Sophomore year. The following season Hartley Haines was added to the club, while the upsets of Senior year found only Russ Miller a survivor.

Tom McConnell was our gifted member with the banjo-mandolin. He, Strawbridge and Dunn placed on the Mandolin Club Freshman year, while in Sophomore and Junior years Tom trouped with Frank Earnest in one of the club's most successful duets headlined as the "Banjoksters." Scattergood placed on the club Sophomore year, while Lee Miller with his big horn and Corson were taken on Junior year. Tom McConnell was undisputedly the leader of the Mandolin Club Senior year. Under his vigilant and painstaking leadership and Russ Miller's efficient and progressive business administration, the Musical Clubs enjoyed one of the brightest and most successful seasons of its career. We will not conjecture or prophesy on the coming season; but we will wish Toogood and Hartmen such a successful organization as we know they are capable of bringing together.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD



Football

RUSSELL N. MILLER
Captain

THOMAS McCONNELL, 3D
Manager

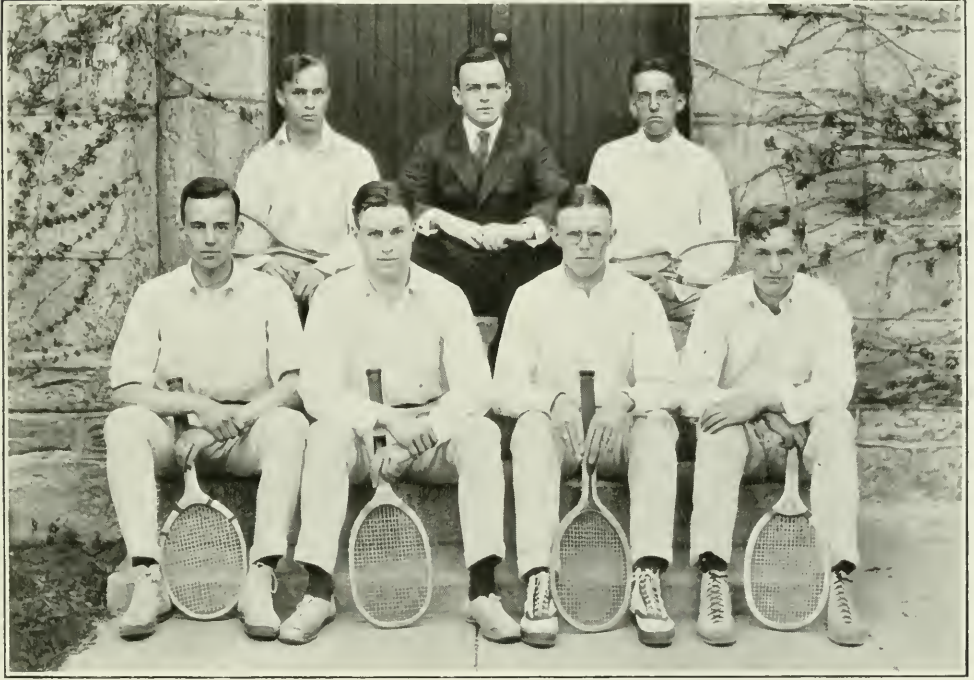
"Nineteen-nineteen" would undoubtedly have added many names to Haverford's football history if the war had not interfered. Freshman year found Osler, Strawbridge, Philips, Miller and Morgan competing for positions on the team, but only Morgan was able to win a place on the first eleven. That year saw our defeat by Swarthmore in a heartrending game that finished 7-2.

Sophomore year will stand as one of the greatest in Haverford's football records. The team went through the season undefeated and finished by defeating Swarthmore 10-7 in a thrilling game in which Swarthmore was completely outplayed. The excellence of the material in the two upper classes again prevented all but Morgan from winning the coveted "H."

Junior year found our class deprived of most of its football material. Only two men, Philips and Miller, were left to make the light but plucky team, which, though unsuccessful, fought with true Haverford spirit.

Miller was elected Captain for the ensuing year, and Earnest was made Manager. The latter, however, left for France in the Reconstruction Unit, and McConnell was chosen to fill the vacancy. Senior year found the college depleted of all its football material and the schedule was abandoned. Miller was able to obtain his release from the Navy to return to college and coached a successful team at Lower Merion High School.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD



Tennis

GRANVILLE E. TOOGOD
Captain

PHILIP L. CORSON
Manager

The tennis team this year was not very successful and this was due, in the main, to the fact that neither of the representatives from our class returned to college. This pair, Shipley and Haynes, had been keeping the tennis team winning for the last two years, for they both generally turned in a victory in the singles, and then paired together for another point in the doubles. Shipley was elected captain of the team in Sophomore and Junior years, and he had two very successful teams. "Johnny" Haynes left college at the end of Junior year, and it is hoped that he may return to captain next year's team. Outside of these two, there were no tennis players who ever rose so high as to make the team.

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD



SOCCER TEAM OF 1918



BARLOW



SHIPLEY



COACH YOUNG

Soccer

JOHN D. BARLOW
Captain

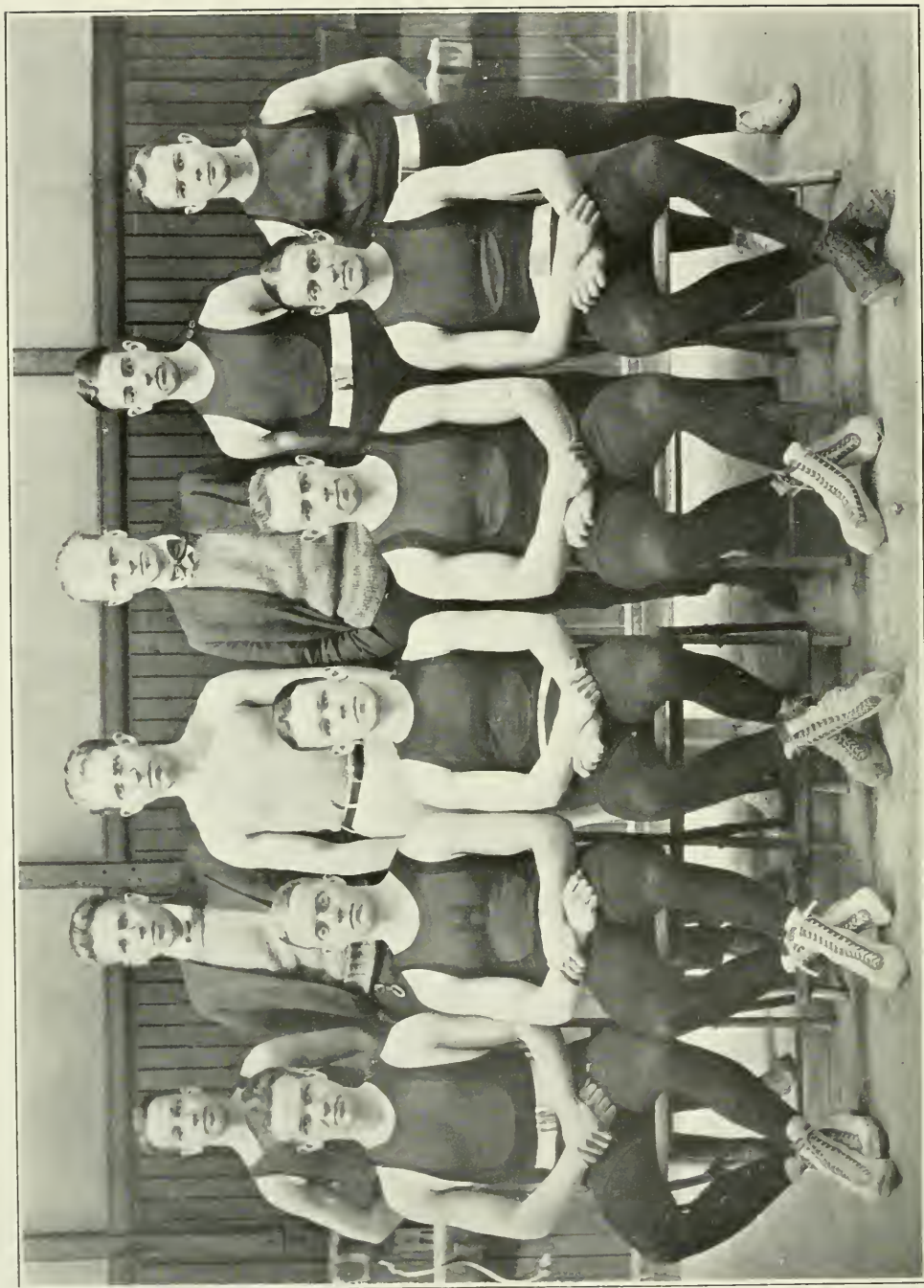
R. T. BATLEY
Manager

If there is any sport that we should especially pride ourselves on, it is certainly soccer. What other class ever had eight men on the varsity during their Sophomore year?

In Freshman year we only had one man on the team and that one, of course, was Shipley. In Sophomore year he was joined by Osler, Thomas, Barlow, Corson, Scattergood, Chapman and Thorpe; and it was only because of a terrific snowstorm that this team failed to tie for the intercollegiate championship. In Junior year the team was very successful and won both the intercollegiate and Cricket Club league titles. "Pete" Shipley was captain, and four men from our class—Shipley, Osler, Corson and Thorpe—were selected for the All-Intercollegiate Team. Scattergood, who would undoubtedly also have been chosen but for his death, was given honorable mention posthumously.

Senior year found the college with Barlow the only remaining soccer player of our class, and the record of the team reflects great credit to Captain "John" and Coach Young. They started with scanty material and very little incentive, for there were no intercollegiate matches. Despite these handicaps they won all but two games out of ten matches.

In the interclass series, 1919 has also done very well. In Freshmen year we had the pleasure of beating the Sophs. Sophomore year saw the muddiest of all muddy interclass series, and we lost by a narrow margin to the Juniors. In Junior year we played for the first time on a good field, and we walked off with the championship. We were in a good position to repeat the trick this year, but the series was never completed.



Gymnasium Team

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

Gymnasium

ELMER H. THORPE

Captain.

RICHARD T. BATTEY

Manager.

When college re-opened after the Christmas vacation, there was an evident awakening of interest in everything. This was especially noticeable in athletics; teams were called out for practice, and the number of candidates for each was very large in comparison with that in the past few years. The gymnasium team, under the leadership of Captain Thorpe, was one of the first to get started. All of the team of the preceding year, with one exception, was back; and there were one or two new and promising men. Most of our former opponents in this sport were institutions which were in a more or less unsettled state as far as athletics, at least, were concerned and some difficulty and delay were encountered in arranging a schedule. On Washington's Birthday, however, the team enjoyed a trip to Annapolis, even if the meet was (as usual) more favorable for the Middies than for us. The first home meet with Princeton, was, nevertheless, more encouraging from the standpoint of our team. The meet was close, not being decided until the final event, the tumbling, when Haverford gathered all three places and won 30-24. The night before the home concert of the musical clubs, a meet with the University of Pennsylvania was staged. In this we won back all but one of the points lost to the Navy; the score standing 42-12 when everything was over. "Marney" Crosman, who had but recently returned to college, entered three events and came out with two firsts and a third—a total of eleven points.

The honors of high scorer for the season went to N. S. Arrowsmith, a Freshman, who had a first, two seconds, and a third to his credit—twelve points in all. He was closely followed, however, by "Tom" McConnell, "Marney" Crosman, and H. W. Arrowsmith each with eleven points. Every man on the team was awarded the insignia "H. C. T.," all having secured at least one second place, and all but two at least one first place.

"Elm" Thorpe, who had been on the team all four years and was elected to lead the team this year, worked excellently in spite of an injured hand. His specialties were the horizontal and parallel bars, although a fall in an exhibition meet last winter injured his back and kept him from participating in the other meets. In the Navy meet this season he injured his hand and had to give up working on the horizontal. The team did well in selecting him as their captain, for it was his enthusiasm, grit, and generalship that was responsible for the showing made.

"Tom" McConnell made the team in Sophomore year, but on account of the fact that there were two very skilful clubswingers in college at that time, he was forced to be content with seconds and thirds at the start. But he kept "coming" and at Annapolis this year he "came through" and returned home with Haverford's only first place. He was our only entry in the clubs; but no matter how many opponents he had in any meet we were always sure of one place.

At the end of his Junior year, "Marney" Crosman left to join the Army, and did not



TRACK TEAM

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

return until too late to get into shape for the Princeton meet. But he did enter the Penn meet and by the exhibition he gave, lived up to his reputation as "the greatest athlete Haverford ever turned out."

Nineteen-nineteen lost two promising gymnasts in "Beany" Limeburner and "Art" Hall. These men performed on the horizontal bar and on the mats respectively, but were forced to leave college at the end of Sophomore and Freshman years respectively.



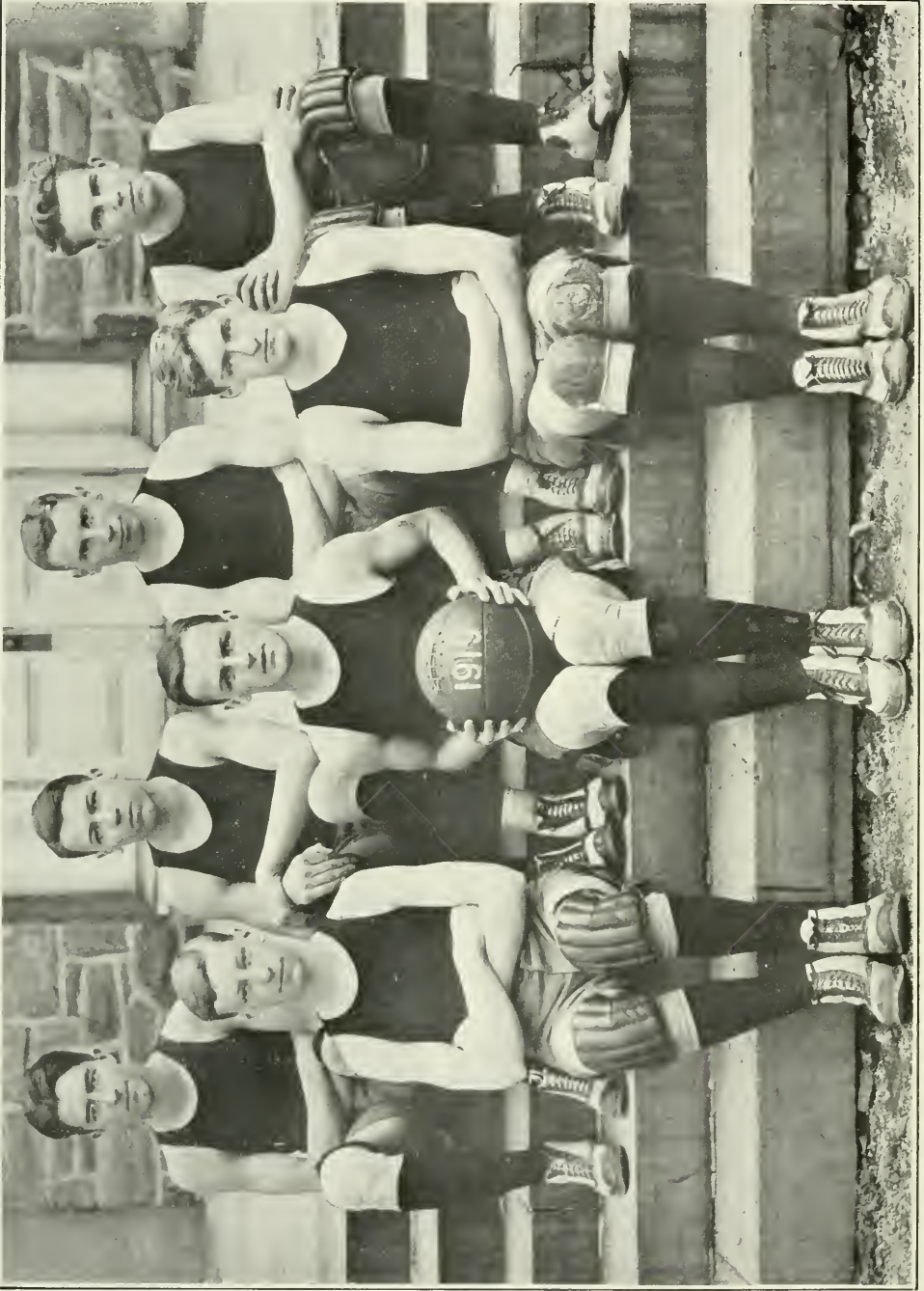
GYMNASIUM

Track

A. J. HISEY
Captain

THOS. McCONNELL, 3d
Manager

The prospect for a good track team was most discouraging this year until Al Hisey suddenly rejoined us, having just been discharged from the army. Al was elected captain, and training and practice began in late March. Jack Keough was secured again as coach. A moderate schedule of meets was arranged for the team, there being three dual meets and the Middle Atlantic States Meet. Entries were made in the Penn Relays, but later withdrawn. The results of the dual meets were a loss to Delaware, a victory over Muhlenberg and a defeat from Swarthmore. Both meets which were lost were close and well fought. Hisey was by far the largest point winner on the team. The track H was awarded to Hisey, Knowlton, Silver, Pierce, Hastings and Henderson.



BASKET-BALL TEAM

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

Basket-Ball

PHILIP L. CORSON
Captain.

EDGAR B. GRAVES
Manager.

The Class of 1919 leaves behind it a sport which it did not find on entrance into Freshman year. We are directly responsible for the introduction of basket-ball as a major varsity sport, an introduction which, occurring in Senior year, was engineered by our classmates. Until January, 1919, basket-ball at Haverford had been limited to interclass games.

On the first varsity five the class was represented by Captain "Phil" Corson and "Wee-nee" Graves, the former a valuable roaming Guard and the latter a good shot from Forward. Besides playing, Graves, as manager, steered the team free from all financial difficulties. The first season did not set up an enviable record nor yet a shameful one. If percentages are of any value, the season was a success, for we finished above the .500 mark—.571 to be exact. Although the team was very light, it fought hard as a unit and put its every effort to win into the games.

The initial contest brought a decisive victory over the Alumni, despite the latter's boast that basket-ball should have been initiated the year previous when there were some good cage-men in college. In our first intercollegiate game we fell victims to the prowess of the Delaware College five by the score of 48-20. The defeat seemed to spur us on to victory, for in the three succeeding weeks we defeated Philadelphia College of Osteopathy, Pennsylvania Military Academy, and Muhlenberg. Especially praiseworthy was the performance of the team in the P. M. C. game. After the cadets had won several consecutive contests, the Scarlet and Black came through with an indubitable victory. The season ended sadly in our massacre by the University of Pennsylvania and our donation to Ursinus. On the whole, such success for the initial season augurs well for basket-ball at Haverford.

In the interclass series, 1919 has always stood among the leaders. In Freshman year our enemies, the Sophs, bowed to us. In Junior year, with the help of "Pete" Shipley's goals in the last minute, we forced the Seniors—the Sophs of two years ago—to an extra game for the decision and lost to them by only one point. In Senior year we were champions in the first round and the dark horses in the second when the season abruptly concluded.



CRICKET SQUAD

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

Cricket

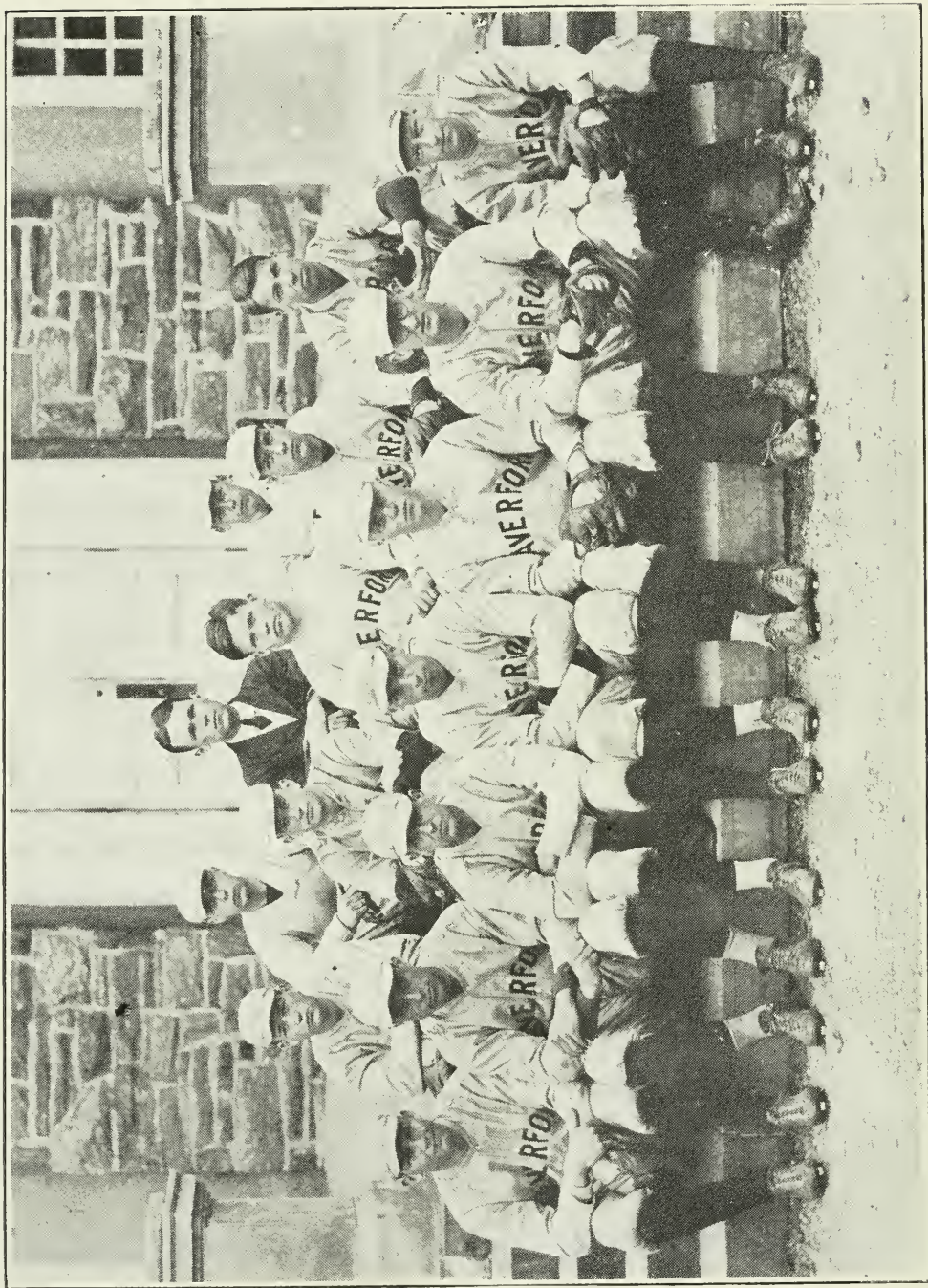
EDWARD ARTHUR GRIBBEN PORTER
Captain

FRANCIS STOKES SILVER
Manager

Our class did not contribute many experienced cricketers to uphold those laurels won by the good elevens of the four years preceding our entry into Haverford, but we did develop some fair players by Junior year. "Doug" Oliver was at once our best offering and he made the Varsity in Freshman year, finishing with a creditable account in bowling and batting. Osler, Morley, Scattergood, Hall, Balderston, Barlow, Chapman, and Thorpe also came out for the practices, and took part in the second XI and interclass matches.

Contrary to expectation, we scored victories over the class of 1918 in Freshman and Sophomore years, though the upper-classmen had the aid of several experienced men on their eleven. Oliver, Osler, and Morley made the first XI in Sophomore year, while Barlow, Balderston, Oliver, and Thorpe gained the coveted positions in Junior year, when the war claimed so many of the former first team men. Under the leadership of Tomlinson, the Varsity made a fair showing, holding the New York Veterans to a low score in a match on a slow crease at Staten Island.

Barlow was selected to lead the team in 1919, but the Friends Reconstruction Unit called him to France early in January, and we were without a captain. Fortunately, "Marney" Crosman and "Ed" Porter returned from France at that time, and the prospects for the season immediately brightened, Porter was selected as Captain, as "Marney" helped out the baseball team as catcher, and was not able to take a steady part on the team till late in the year. Around these two men, and with the stimulus of a trip to Canada, a good team soon developed under the painstaking care of "Charley" Braithwaite's coaching. Elmer Thorpe took a turn at bowling, while Thornton, Toogood, Kearney, Rogers, Nicholson, Ewan, and Morris Carey formed the body of a good team. Though baseball frequently conflicted with the cricket matches and called away "Marney," Thorpe, Kearney and Carey, yet "Charlie" and "Ed" Porter kept plugging away developing batters. We were beaten by Germantown and Frankford, but we came back at Penn with a 196 to 54 victory. Frankford again defeated us, but only by a narrow margin. We set on Merion B with more care and emerged with a victory of 320 to 46. With the Alumni game on Commencement Day ahead, and the Canadian tour, the team began to show some of the form Haverford is noted for, and we expect the scores from those matches will bear out that the future of cricket is very bright.



BASE BALL SQUAD

HAVERFORD CLASS RECORD

Baseball

ROBERT R. BURRITT
Captain

ELMER H. THORPE
Manager



"Doc" BENNETT

Although baseball was inaugurated as a major sport at Haverford early in our career, 1919 did not furnish much material during any of the four years. The struggle for the supremacy of the American over the English summer sport split nearly even with perhaps a slight advantage in Senior year for cricket. However, we feel that the future for baseball is very bright, especially when the new field becomes a reality.

Jack Haynes was our sole representative in baseball during Freshman year, though several others, including Shipley, Osler, and Graves, helped out with the Varsity and served to strengthen our interclass nines. Sophomore year again found Jack Haynes on the pitching staff of the Varsity, while Hubler and Shipley reported for practices. Tennis claimed Shipley, and the baseball team lost a good third baseman. With the great unrest of Junior year and the war, Hubler alone made the Varsity, and showed up creditably in the field.

The return of Buzby and Crosman in Senior year to finish with us added a backbone to the team, though again 1919 had a sole classmate on the squad in "Weenie" Graves. The less that is said of the past season in baseball the better. Suffice it is to say that it was not a big success, though the feeling is that the fellows were never playing the type of ball they were capable of. The Delaware game alone stands out as one of the snappiest exhibitions seen on Walton Field, when, after ten hard-fought innings, the visitors forced in the winning run with a 6 to 5 score. The rain that caused the postponement of some of the big matches may have been the cause of the general depression displayed in most the matches, but we are by no means discouraged, and feel that next season will mark a turning point in the hard luck of the past year. This season Haverford opened up baseball relations with Swarthmore which we hope will be a stimulus for future nines to make baseball our big summer sport.

A Snap-Shot for Posterity

An Educational Film in One Reel

Scenario by Job

Scene:—In front of Barclay North steps.

Time:—"Meetingless Thursday," about 12.30 p. m.

(Faculty meeting has just adjourned, and gathering moves slowly to setting in small groups. Cameraman has "set up" in choice spot before scene of action and, concealed beneath a large black cloth, is busy focusing on some point near the middle of the stone steps. The Director is rushing about in a nervous manner, trying to appear composed and be courteous to members of the cast. Meanwhile, Battey has sojourned to Roberts Hall to determine by phone the whereabouts of Drs. Jones, Gummere and Brown, absentees from previous meeting.)

Dean:—"I think we are all here now, except Dr. Gummere, who just went down the lane to his home; and Dr. Jones, who is now probably on his way to town; . . . and Dr. Brown, who will be unable to be here; . . . and, also, Dr. Sawtelle . . . I haven't seen since the meeting."

The Director:—"Battey will have them on the phone in a minute. . . . Too bad we couldn't get a representative setting. The notice has been posted on the Faculty door now over a week."

(The Dean then counts up the attendance, while the Director rushes chairs to the front. Dean finds attendance to number ten, and the group is now ready to be "shot.")

Dr. S. (Gamboling across campus in Ford):—"Are we all here? How long will it take? I'm in a hurry."

The Director (Now greatly concerned about delay, and explaining):—"Everyone is here, sir, except three important members of the faculty. We expect them in a minute."

Dr. S. (Snapping open watch):—"Well, if they don't hurry, there will be another one missing, too."

The Director (Stunned by this possibility and revelation):—"Here comes Battey now. . . ."

Dean (Realizing tremendous waste of time, and trying to be sympathetic):—"We might use last year's photo, and insert Dr. Lockwood."

Several (Seeing opportunity to avoid dreaded ordeal, together):—"Good."

A Few (Origin uncertain):—" . . . might decapitate Henry Joel and substitute Lockwood's head."

Another (ditto):—"Or paint a Chaplin mustache on Henry J. and call it Lockwood."

(General nods of approval and titters).

(The *Director* and *Dean* exchange quizzical glances rapidly, and latter registers disapproval, outwardly.)

The Director (After a pause):—"You may go now, Dr. S." (To others) "Gentlemen, the picture is off." (Then) "Dr. Lockwood, if you will stand over in that spot there" (indicating position beside railing) "You will range in just beside Dr. Hall in the picture of 1902."

(Meanwhile, faculty makes a break in diverse directions, like students "cleaning" on a second-bell-cut, and disappear over the landscape, leaving Dr. Lockwood standing with smiling countenance in such a spot as would land him beside Dr. Hall in the picture of 1902.)

The Director (To Cameraman):—"Can you beat it!" (Then walking off and pausing.) "You can use your judgment about the suggestion." (Then over his shoulder, as he sprints towards Founders at the tolling of one o'clock) "But be considerate of Lockwood!"

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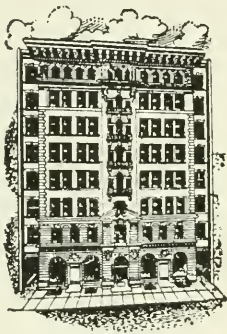


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